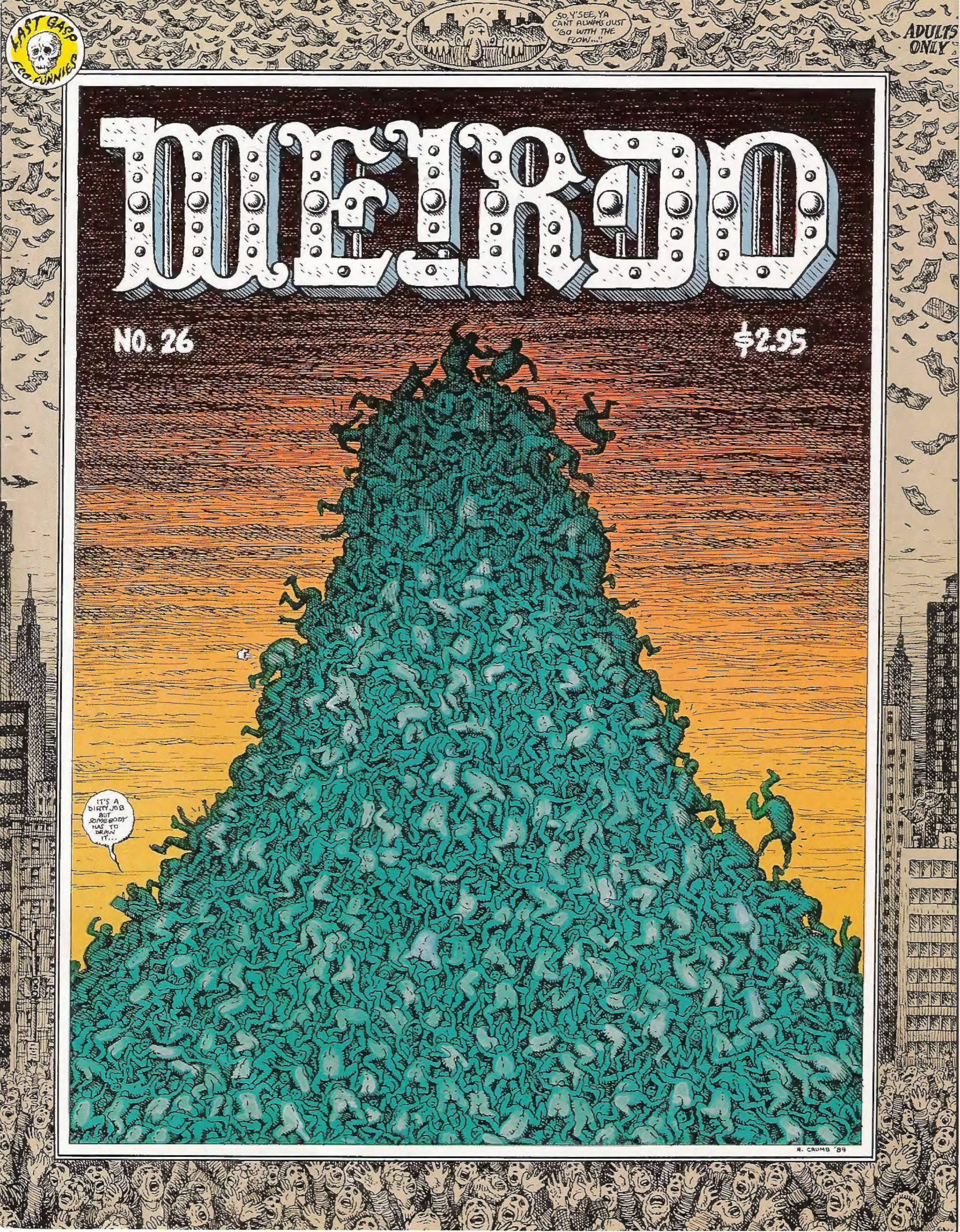
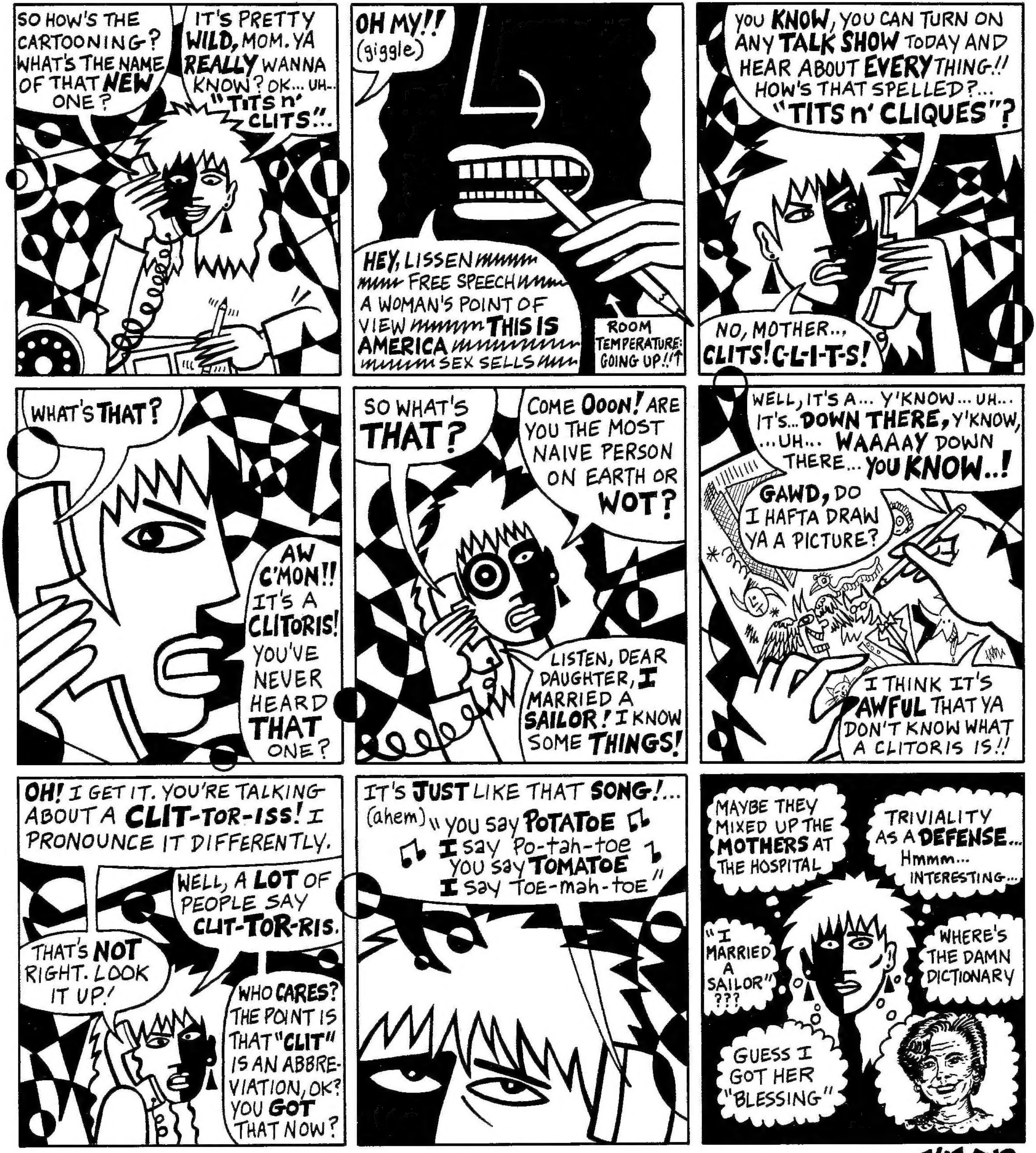

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
SO, Y'SEE, YA CAN'T ALWAYS JUST "GO WITH THE FLOW..."
ADULTS ONLY
WEIRDO
NO. 26
$2.95
IT'S A DIRTY JOB BUT SOMEBODY HAS TO DRAW IT...
R. CRUMB '89

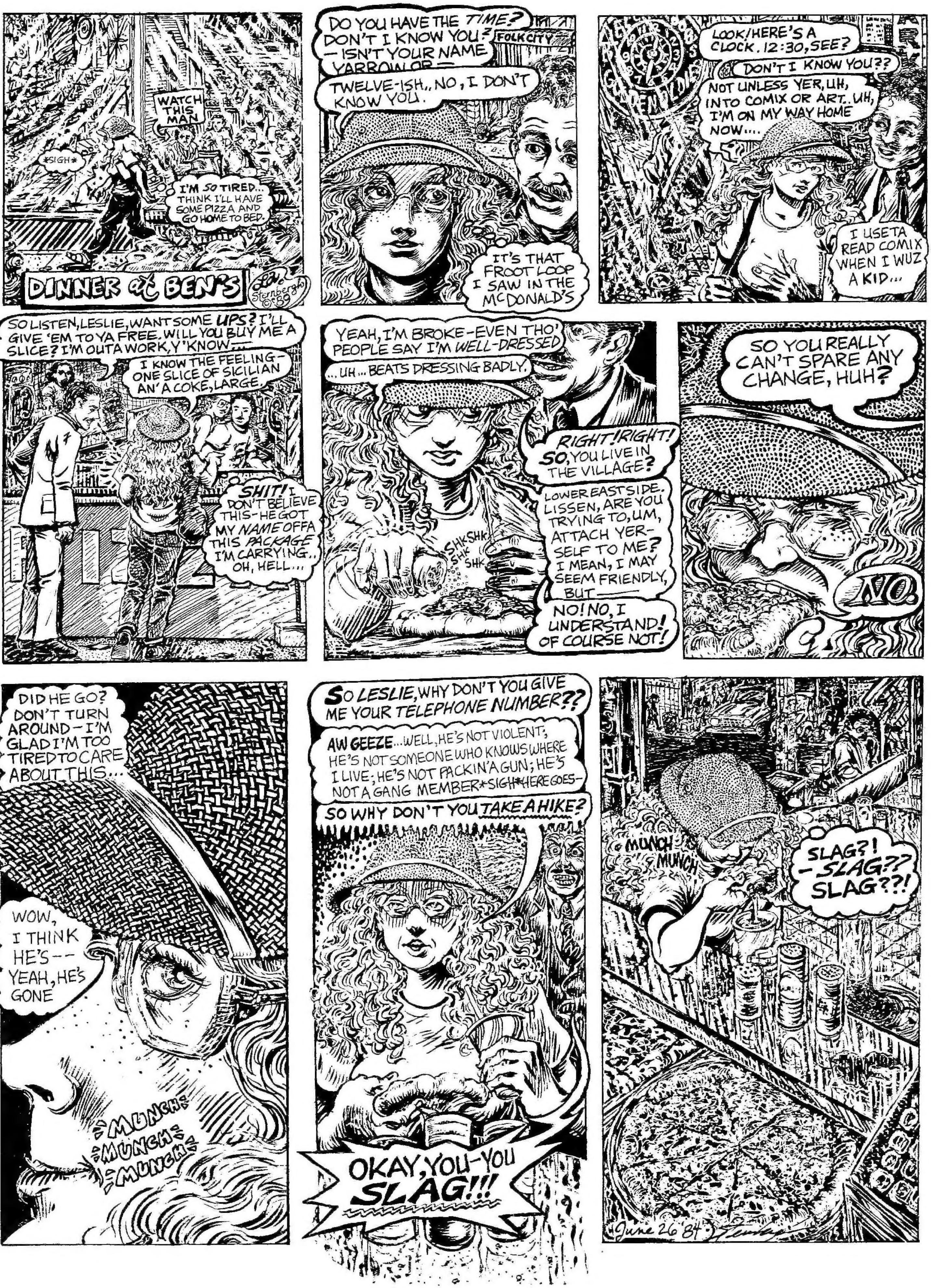
A MOTHER and DAUGHTER CHAT

OR: DISCUSSING THE SMALL ELONGATED ORGAN OF THE FEMALE PUDENDUM.

by MARY "YOU CAN'T MAKE THIS STUFF UP" FLEENER ©1989


SO HOW'S THE CARTOONING? WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT NEW ONE?
IT'S PRETTY WILD, MOM. YA REALLY WANNA KNOW? OK... UH.. "TITS n' CLITS"...
OH MY!! (giggle)
HEY, LISSEN FREE SPEECH A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW THIS IS AMERICA SEX SELLS
ROOM TEMPERATURE: GOING UP!!↑
YOU KNOW, YOU CAN TURN ON ANY TALK SHOW TODAY AND HEAR ABOUT EVERYTHING!! HOW'S THAT SPELLED?... "TITS n' CLIQUES"?
NO, MOTHER..., CLITS! C-L-I-T-S!
WHAT'S THAT?
AW C'MON!! IT'S A CLITORIS! YOU'VE NEVER HEARD THAT ONE?
SO WHAT'S THAT?
COME OOON! ARE YOU THE MOST NAIVE PERSON ON EARTH OR WOT?
LISTEN, DEAR DAUGHTER, I MARRIED A SAILOR! I KNOW SOME THINGS!
WELL, IT'S A... Y'KNOW... UH... IT'S... DOWN THERE, Y'KNOW, ...UH... WAAAAY DOWN THERE... YOU KNOW..!
GAWD, DO I HAFTA DRAW YA A PICTURE?
I THINK IT'S AWFUL THAT YA DON'T KNOW WHAT A CLITORIS IS!!
OH! I GET IT. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A CLIT-TOR-ISS! I PRONOUNCE IT DIFFERENTLY.
WELL, A LOT OF PEOPLE SAY CLIT-TOR-RIS.
THAT'S NOT RIGHT. LOOK IT UP!
WHO CARES? THE POINT IS THAT "CLIT" IS AN ABBREVIATION, OK? YOU GOT THAT NOW?
IT'S JUST LIKE THAT SONG!... (ahem) "you say POTATOE ♫ I say Po-tah-toe you say TOMATOE I say Toe-mah-toe"
MAYBE THEY MIXED UP THE MOTHERS AT THE HOSPITAL
TRIVIALITY AS A DEFENSE... Hmmm... INTERESTING...
"I MARRIED A SAILOR"???
WHERE'S THE DAMN DICTIONARY
GUESS I GOT HER "BLESSING"

THE END


WATCH THIS MAN
SIGH
I'M SO TIRED... THINK I'LL HAVE SOME PIZZA AND GO HOME TO BED.
DINNER at BEN'S
Sternbergh ©'89
DO YOU HAVE THE TIME? DON'T I KNOW YOU? — ISN'T YOUR NAME YARROW OR —
FOLK CITY
TWELVE-ISH,, NO, I DON'T KNOW YOU.
IT'S THAT FROOT LOOP I SAW IN THE McDONALD'S
LOOK/HERE'S A CLOCK. 12:30, SEE?
DON'T I KNOW YOU??
NOT UNLESS YER, UH, INTO COMIX OR ART.. UH, I'M ON MY WAY HOME NOW....
I USETA READ COMIX WHEN I WUZ A KID...
SO LISTEN, LESLIE, WANT SOME UPS? I'LL GIVE 'EM TO YA FREE. WILL YOU BUY ME A SLICE? I'M OUTA WORK, Y'KNOW—
I KNOW THE FEELING- ONE SLICE OF SICILIAN AN' A COKE, LARGE.
SHIT! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS- HE GOT MY NAME OFFA THIS PACKAGE I'M CARRYING.. OH, HELL...
YEAH, I'M BROKE- EVEN THO' PEOPLE SAY I'M WELL-DRESSED
...UH... BEATS DRESSING BADLY.
SHK SHK SHK SHK
RIGHT! RIGHT! SO, YOU LIVE IN THE VILLAGE?
LOWER EAST SIDE. LISSEN, ARE YOU TRYING TO, UM, ATTACH YER-SELF TO ME? I MEAN, I MAY SEEM FRIENDLY, BUT——
NO! NO, I UNDERSTAND! OF COURSE NOT!
SO YOU REALLY CAN'T SPARE ANY CHANGE, HUH?
NO.
DID HE GO? DON'T TURN AROUND - I'M GLAD I'M TOO TIRED TO CARE ABOUT THIS...
WOW, I THINK HE'S-- YEAH, HE'S GONE
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
SO LESLIE, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER??
AW GEEZE...WELL, HE'S NOT VIOLENT; HE'S NOT SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHERE I LIVE; HE'S NOT PACKIN' A GUN; HE'S NOT A GANG MEMBER *SIGH* HERE GOES-
SO WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A HIKE?
OKAY, YOU-YOU SLAG!!!
MUNCH MUNCH
SLAG?! -SLAG?? SLAG??!
June 26 '84

ATOMIC **WEIRDO** DAZZLING AND BRILLIANT

NO. 26 "OUR CUP OF BEETERNESS IS FEEL UP TO DE *BRIM!*"
— WILLIE HOWARD, 1938
FALL, 1989

BY HARVEY PEKAR

AWHILE BACK I WROTE A COLUMN HERE ABOUT THE APPROPRIATENESS OF COMICS BEING USED FOR JOURNALISTIC PURPOSES. SINCE THEN SEVERAL JOURNALISTIC COMIC BOOKS HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED AND MORE ARE IN THE PLANNING STAGE. THIS IS CERTAINLY A WELCOME DEVELOPMENT, SINCE THE COMIC FORM IS COMPARABLE TO PROSE, FILM AND TV. IF JOURNALISM CAN BE DONE EFFECTIVELY IN THESE OTHER MEDIA IT CAN BE DONE IN COMICS.

ONCE AGAIN TOO MANY CRITICS, SUPPOSEDLY BOOSTERS OF COMICS, HAVE, HOWEVER, REACTED WITH SKEPTICISM AND EVEN HOSTILITY, TO JOURNALISM-IN-COMICS, A SEEMINGLY DEEMING ONLY SUPER HERO AND FUNNY ANIMAL STUFF WORTHY OF PUBLICATION. SINCE MANY ARE GENRE FANS THEIR REACTION ISN'T SURPRISING. IT IS, HOWEVER ANNOYING TO SEE COMIC CRITICS' IGNORE POLITICAL ISSUES WHEN DEALING WITH JOURNALISTIC STORIES. THE ISSUES OF POLITICAL VALIDITY OBVIOUSLY MUST BE ADDRESSED WHEN DEALING WITH A POLITICAL ARTICLE, STORY, FILM OR TV PROGRAM. SOME COMIC CRITICS HOWEVER ACT AS IF POLITICAL STANCE IS IRRELEVANT IN EVALUATING DOCUMENTARY COMICS.

ONE COMIC THAT HAS GOTTEN FAR TOO LITTLE ATTENTION AND PRAISE IS BILL TULP'S EL SALVADOR-A HOUSE DIVIDED, A WELL-RESEARCHED, STRAIGHTFOWARD EFFORT. OF COURSE THE WORDS "WELL-RESEARCHED" AND "STRAIGHT-FOWARD" MEAN LITTLE TO MOST COMIC FANS, WHO WANT "SPECTACULAR" AND DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SPECTACULARLY GOOD AND SPECTACULARLY SHITTY.

ANYWAY, TULP RELATES THE HISTORY OF EL SALVADOR FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT, WITH THE EMPHASIS ON EVENTS OF THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS. WE SEE HOW THE SPANIARDS DESTROYED THE LOCAL INDIAN CULTURE AND ECONOMY AND, THAT HAVING BEEN ACCOMPLISHED, HOW THE MILITARY AND WEALTHY. OLIGARCHS RUTHLESSLY EXPLOITED THE PEASANTS, UNTIL THEY AND SOME EDUCATED IDEALISTS ORGANIZED TO BEGIN AN INSURRECTION, LATER JOINED BY A FEW MAINSTREAM POLITICIANS FRUSTRATED WITH THEIR POWERLESSNESS.

TULP, WHO PUBLISHED THIS BOOK BY HIMSELF INITIALLY, BEFORE IT WAS REPRINTED BY ECLIPSE, MAKES IT CLEAR THAT HE IS ON THE SIDE OF THE OPPRESSED PEASANTRY AND OPPOSED TO THE VICIOUS ARMY OFFICERS AND BUSINESSMEN WHO SEEK TO DOMINATE THEM. HE IS POLITICALLY CORRECT HERE IN THE BEST SENSE OF THE TERM.

I FOUND TOM KEOUGH'S CARTOON BOOK INTIFADA IN A RADICAL BOOK STORE. IT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN SELF-PUBLISHED AND DEALS WITH KEOUGH'S EYE-WITNESS REPORTS OF HIS TRIP TO ISRAEL DURING THE CURRENT PALESTINIAN UPRISING. KEOUGH'S DRAWING IS CRUDE BUT HE MAKES HIS POINTS POWERFULLY AND EFFECTIVELY. MANY AMERICAN JEWS WILL HAVE TROUBLE BELIEVING THEM, BELIEVING THAT ISRAELIS HAVE SYSTEMATICALLY BEEN BRUTALIZING THE ARAB POPULATION IN GAZA AND ON THE WEST BANK, BUT NUMEROUS INDEPENDENT REPORTS CORROBORATE KEOUGH'S CHARGES.

ISRAELI TROOPS HAVE RESORTED TO EXCESSIVE VIOLENCE TO PUT DOWN THE INTIFADA; THEY HAVE MURDERED AND TORTURED ARABS WHO'VE THROWN STONES AT THEM. KEOUGH RECORDS WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD IN ISRAEL: CHILDREN DELIBERATELY MUTILATED, ISRAELI NEGLECT OF, SOMETIMES EXACERBATION OF ARAB HEALTH PROBLEMS, AN ISRAELI MINISTER OF EDUCATION BREAKING DOWN AND SAYING "THE WAR ATROCITIES THAT THE YOUNG SOLDIERS ARE DOING WILL DO MORE TO DESTROY THE STATE OF ISRAEL THAN ALL THE ANTI-SEMITES AND ENEMIES OF ISRAEL IN THE WORLD."

...cont...

Letters to the Editor:

Aline Kominsky-Crumb
P.O. Box 533
Winters, Ca. 95694

DEAREST DAHLINGS, I KNOW FROM THE SHOPPING BAGS FULL OF MAIL, THAT YOU MISSED ME SO VERY MUCH! AS YOU CAN SEE I'VE HAD TIME FOR A TOTAL MAKEOVER AND I FEEL SO MUCH MORE FETCHING. THANKS TO THAT SWEET L'IL PETER BAGGE.... HE DID A REAL SWELL JOB ON THAT LAST ISSUE... I WAS ESPECIALLY THRILLED BY THE STRETCHPANTS STORY.. IT WAS DEEPLY MOVING! BUT ENUFF, THE EMPRESS OF WEIRDO IS BACK, MEANER AND TOUGHER THAN EVER. SO LET'S KEEP A LITTLE QUALITY CONTROL ON THESE SUBMISSIONS.. A LITTLE SELF RESTRAINT WOULDN'T KILL YOU! I CAN'T USE 100 PAGE STORIES BY UNFORMED, WHINY, NERDS OR NERDETTES. (OH YES I'M HAPPY TO NOTE THAT I'M GETTING SOME REAL INSPIRED GIRL STUFF COMIN' IN.) I'M RELIEVED TO KNOW THAT "TWISTED SISTERS" LIKE ME AND DIANE NOOMIN HAVE INSPIRED A NEW GENERATION OF DERANGED FEMALE AHTISTS! ALSO, A FEW OF YOU HAVE TRIED SOME REAL PATHETIC PLOYS TO GET ME TO PUT YOUR WORK IN MY FABULOUS ZINE... FOR EXAMPLE: "MY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS ARE IN HOCK AND IF I DON'T GET AN ADVANCE FROM WEIRDO BY TOMORROW I'LL LOSE THEM + I WON'T BE ABLE TO EARN A CENT." WELL ITS YOUR PROBLEM, PAL, ASK YOUR OWN MOMMY FOR A LOAN, WHAT AM I THE BIG ART TIT?! I FEEL NO GUILT TOWARDS YOU.. I ALREADY HAVE MY GUILT QUOTIENT TAKEN CARE OF! AND I HAVE ENOUGH EXISTENTIAL PAIN WITHOUT TAKING ON YOURS TOO, SWEETIES! YES I'M CRANKIER THAN EVER SINCE I QUIT SWILLING AND PUFFING! I JUST READ THAT EVEN WATER BUFFALOS GET HIGH ON FERMENTED FRUIT... BUT NOT ME... ANYWAY I'M SURE ALL YOU GUZZLING DRUG TAKING DEGENERATES WILL LOVE THIS SUMMER ISSUE.

P.S. LISA LEE NEEDS MORE SUBMISSIONS, SO COME ON GET WITH IT. SHE'LL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE. ALSO SHE IS A REAL PERSON. SHE IS A TOTALLY BUFF BODY BUILDER! I MET HER AT THE GYM... SHE'S GETTING READY FOR A COMPETITION... CAROL TYLER IS DRAWING AND LETTERING HER PAGE BUT SHE'S GOT GREAT IDEAS AND A PERFECT BODY!

MARY FLEENER AND I WERE SO DISGUSTED BY THIS LETTER THAT WE HAD TO SHARE IT WITH YOU.. ED.

DEAR MARY,

I WANT YOU TO KNOW I CARE ABOUT YOU AND AM DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR INVOLVEMENT WITH UG COMICS. IT IS A SHAME THAT THIS FORM OF EXPRESSION ATTRACTS SO MANY WELL-MEANING ARTISTS. WHILE IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME THAT YOU ARE STILL DOING IT, I URGE YOU TO EXTRICATE YOURSELF FROM IT. NOT JUST THE WIMMEN'S FACTION BUT ENTIRELY. WHEN I READ YOUR LETTER, I WAS REMINDED OF THE LETTERS DORI WROTE TO ME PRIOR TO HER DEATH. AT THE RISK OF "OFFENDING" YOU, I WILL NOT REMAIN SILENT AS I DID WHEN DORI WROTE TO ME ABOUT ALL THIS SAME STUFF YOU ARE NOW EXPERIENCING.

I SENSE THE DANGER SURROUNDING YOU NOW. YOU ARE IN THE MIDST OF DEVILS WHO WANT TO DESTROY YOU. (II COR. 10:3-6) YOU ARE BEING SUBTLY INFLUENCED BY THESE INDIVIDUALS TO WIN APPROVAL BY ENGAGING IN ART FORMS WHICH ARE EVIL AND HARMFUL. IT MAY NOT SEEM SO WHEN YOU ARE DOING THESE THINGS, BECAUSE DOING THEM YIELDS GREAT PLEASURE. (II THESS. 2:10-12) ALTHOUGH IT MAY FEEL FUN AND AMUSING, YOUR GOD-GIVEN CREATIVE ABILITIES ARE BEING PERVERTED AND CORRUPTED. THE BEAUTIFUL TALENT YOU ARE GIFTED WITH HAS BECOME A TOOL FOR EVIL.

SOME HOW, SADLY, A WELL-MEANING SATIRE BECOMES TWISTED INTO PORNOGRAPHY BEFORE WE REALIZE WHAT WE ARE ACTUALLY DOING. DORI MAY HAVE MEANT FOR HER WORK TO MERELY EXPOSE THE LOONY FOIBLES OF HER OWN LIFE. TERRY BOYCE ONCE THOUGHT THAT MAKING A PENIS INTO A CARTOON CHARACTER WOULD CUT MEN DOWN TO SIZE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PURPOSE MIGHT BE IN A BOOK ABOUT VOODOO; HOWEVER, SINCE YOU SENT IT TO ME, I WILL LET YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT IT.

ALMOST A YEAR AGO, I BURNED VIRTUALLY EVERY PIECE OF ARTWORK I'D DONE BETWEEN THE YEARS 1980 TO 1988. THERE WAS SO MUCH OF IT, IT TOOK THE BEST PART OF A DAY TO INCINERATE POUNDS OF PAPER AND BOARD. WHEN IT WAS OVER, I REALIZED I'D CLEANED OUT 3/4 OF ALL THE ARTWORK OF MY OWN I POSSESSED. IT WAS AS IF MY LIFE HAD BEEN SCOURGED. (PHILL. 3:8)

WHY DID I DO THIS? AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED, I WAS NO LONGER AN ARTIST. FURTHERMORE, MY EFFORTS HAD NOT MADE ME BECOME AN ARTIST. WHAT I HAD TO SHOW FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS WAS NOT WORTHY OF BEING CALLED ART.

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING FOR MONTHS EXCEPT TEACH OTHERS TO DRAW. MY CLASSES BECAME MORE AND MORE POPULAR. THE ARTS CENTER GAVE ME ADDITIONAL CLASSES TO TEACH, NOT JUST CARTOONING BUT ALSO FASHION AND LIFE DRAWING TOO. PEOPLE STARTED ASKING ME TO DO ALL SORTS OF ART PROJECTS, PORTRAITURE, CARICATURE, ILLUSTRATIONS, LOGOS, NEWSLETTERS, ETC. NOW I AM BUSIER THAN EVER BEFORE!

THIS IS ALL HAPPENING WITHOUT ANY STRUGGLE OR STRAIN OR CONFLICTS, AND I'M THANKFUL TO GOD EVERY DAY FOR THE COURAGE HE GAVE ME TO BREAK LOOSE FROM THE PAST.

I DID NOT DIE A PHYSICAL DEATH AS DORI DID, BUT I DID DIE. I HAVE ANOTHER LIFE NOW, THE LIFE GIVEN ME BY JESUS CHRIST.

PERHAPS YOU'LL SCORN OR PITY ME, OR JUST REMIND ME THAT "PETER" IS OUT THERE IN THE WORLD FLOATING AROUND IN COMIC STORES STILL BEING READ BY PRE-TEENS. I CAN TELL YOU NO ONE WILL EVER GAIN BY THE MARKETING OF THOSE COMIC STRIPS. THEY ARE DEAD, AND NO ONE ALIVE WILL EVER TAKE ANY INTEREST IN THEM.

MY REASON FOR WRITING YOU THIS LETTER, MARY, IS TO SHARE MY TESTIMONY WITH YOU NOW, REGARDLESS OF HOW YOU RESPOND TO IT. I JUST PRAY YOU WON'T IGNORE IT. JESUS CHRIST SAVED MY LIFE. THAT'S ALL I WANT YOU TO KNOW. HE WILL SAVE YOU TOO. (ROM. 10:9)

YOU MIGHT BE THINKING: POOR TERRY, SHE GOT SO FREAKED OUT OVER DORI'S DEATH AND NOT MAKING IT IN PLAYBOY MAGAZINE OR WHATEVER, THAT SHE TURNED DESPERATELY TO RELIGION AND HAS BECOME ONE OF THOSE "BORN AGAIN" NUTS! IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, THATS O.K. BUT THERE *IS* A BETTER WAY TO LIVE FOR US ALL. (II COR. 1:2-4)

PLEASE DON'T FORGET WHAT I'M SAYING TO YOU NOW, EVEN IF YOU DON'T AGREE.

I PRAY FOR YOUR PEACE AND JOY AND ETERNAL LIFE, AND GENUINE SUCCESS.
GOD BLESS YOU.

YOUR FRIEND IN CHRIST
TERRY BOYCE

ED. NOTE: I PRAY SHE NEVER GOES BACK TO DRAWING THAT STUPID CUTE PENIS AGAIN!!

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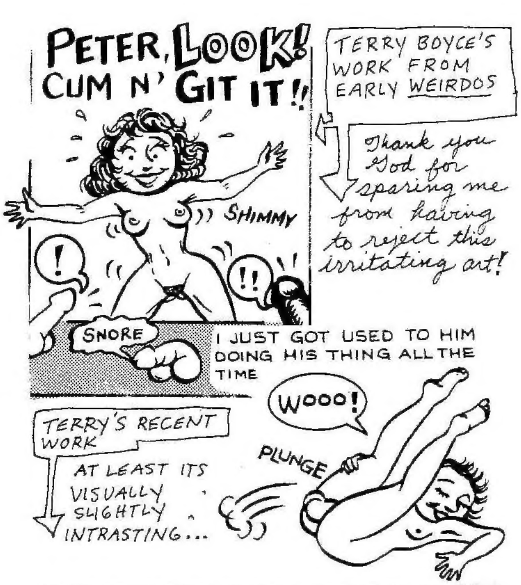
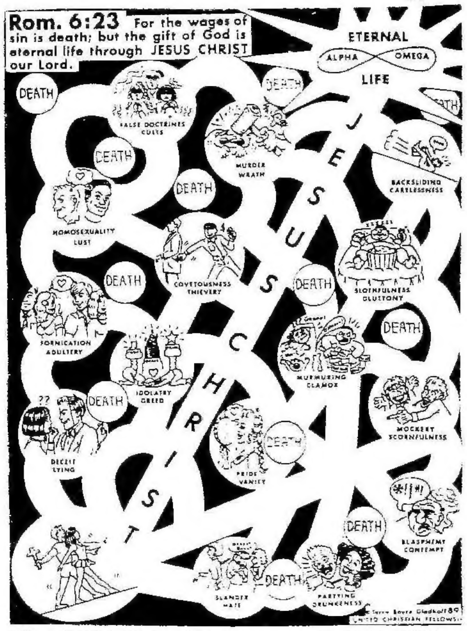

PETER, LOOK! CUM N' GIT IT!!
TERRY BOYCE'S WORK FROM EARLY WEIRDOS
Thank you God for sparing me from having to reject this irritating art!
SHIMMY
!
!!
SNORE
I JUST GOT USED TO HIM DOING HIS THING ALL THE TIME
WOOO!
TERRY'S RECENT WORK
AT LEAST ITS VISUALLY SLIGHTLY INTRASTING...
PLUNGE



ED·NOTE: HM... I WONDER IF SHE STILL HAS ALL THOSE WHIPS AND DILDOS??

WAIT A MINUTE!

I LOOK AT WEIRDO #25 AND I REALIZE THAT THIS RAG UNDER MRS. CRUMB HAS BECOME A BORING, SLICK, UN-ANTI SOCIAL PIECE OF MEDIOCRE SHIT. IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOU ARE TRYING TO DISTILL YOUR FINE ARTS SENSIBILITIES INTO THIS RAG. WELL, GOOD LUCK! I DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER GET TOO FAR WITH A RAG NAMED WEIRDO. (I BET YOU EVEN FANTASIZE ABOUT DROPPING THE NAME...) ALLS I CAN SAY IS BRING PETER BAGGE BACK TO THE HELM, OR START TO DEVELOP A TASTE FOR THIS LOW-LIFE HUMOR THAT ALL OF US WEIRDOS LOVE TO READ.

WEIRDO SHOULD MAKE NO APOLOGIES FOR BEING GROSS OR ANTI SOCIAL OR WHATEVER. IN FACT I'VE CONCLUDED THAT THE MORE DISGUSTING A CARTOON IS THE MORE POINGNANT IT IS. THIS IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE ARTIST, RATHER THAN BEING HUNG-UP ON TRYING TO PRODUCE A MORE RESPECTABLE PIECE, WILL JUST LET HIMSELF GO WITH UN-SELF CONSCIOUS AND RECKLESS ABANDON, THUS PRODUCING A MUCH FUNNIER, ALBEIT POTENTIALLY SLOPPIER CARTOON. OH WELL, MRS. CRUMB, TAKE MY COMMENTS TO HEART (AS I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT) AND HAVE A LOVELY DAY.

BRODIE WOODWORTH
FALLS CHURCH, VA.

P.S. MR. CRUMB'S "SLICE-OF-LIFE" CARTOONS ARE REPETITIVE WIMPY AND NARCISISTIC. I KNOW HE CAN DO BETTER.

ED·NOTE.. MY PERSONAL TRAINER, MASSEUSE, AND MY DERMATOLOGIST ALL LOVE WEIRDO THE WAY I EDIT IT... I DUNNO WHO TO LISTEN TO??

DEAR ALINE,

WEIRDO #25 WAS THE WORST YET. ANOTHER ISSUE LIKE THAT, AND I WON'T BUY IT EVEN FOR THE TOKEN CRUMB PIECE. CRUMB AND FRIEDMAN WERE THE ONLY THINGS IN THE WHOLE ISSUE WORTH READING. WHAT IS IT WITH ALL THIS PRIMITIVISM? I MEAN, YOUR STUFF CONTRASTED NICELY WITH ROBERT'S, BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN MOST OF THE PAGES WERE DONE BY PEOPLE WITH ONE SORT OF TALENT OR ANOTHER, AND AT LEAST YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY. BUT THINGS LIKE "STRETCHPANTS" ARE GARBAGE. I WAS TRULY OFFENDED. S. CLAY WILSON DOESN'T OFFEND ME; HE HAS STYLE, HE HAS IMAGINATION. BUT THAT PIECE WAS DOG VOMIT, AND THE REST OF THE ISSUE (EXCEPTIONS NOTED) WAS SCARCELY BETTER. PETER BAGGE IS A TWIT WHO BELONGS BACK AT THE SUB-FANZINE LEVEL OR LOWER. NO MORE TRASH LIKE THAT. I'LL VOTE WITH MY POCKETBOOK. YOU CAN COUNT ON IT.

R. NEALE
READER SINCE THE YEAR ONE
FARMINGTON N.Y.

ED NOTE: I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN FIND "STRETCHPANTS" SO UNAPPEALING. HE'S MY FAVORITE CHARACTER RIGHT NOW...

OH ALINE...

WE LOVE YOU. YOU TITILATE OUR EVERY SENSES. OUR GENITALS BECOME ERECT CUM THAT PRIVATE TIME WE SPEND SITTING ON THE POT READING AMONGST THAT OH SO IRRESISTABLE SENSATION, WEIRDO MAGAZINE. WE PICTURE YOUR ROMANESQUE BODY SLAVING AWAY BEHIND THAT GRANDIOSE ALTER FROM WHICH YOUR TEMPTUOUS CREATIONS COME. OH ALINE WE ARE A SMALL GROUP OF NUBILE HETEROSEXUAL MEN. WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN US FOR A SHORT (OR LONG) LIVED SEXUAL EXCITATION BENEATH THAT THICK, HEAVY, MONOTONOUS BLANKET OF EVERYDAY SOCIETY, ON A JOURNEY BEYOND THE EROTIC NORM? OF COURSE YOU WOULD. YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL CARTOON GENIUS. WE LOVE YOU ALINE. APPEASE US PLEASE.

LOVE,
N·Y·M·H·CLUB
(NUBILE YOUNG MAIL HETEROSEXUALS
PAILVILLE, OH.

ED·NOTE: BOYS I'M NO LONGER ROMANESQUE BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND THE TRIM AEROBICIZED HOUSEWIFE LOOK... I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!!!
P.S. SEND PHOTOS!!

WELL, I WAS GOING TO WRITE AND JUST BITCH, BITCH, BITCH TO AILING CRUMBLES ABOUT THE 7, AT LEAST SEVEN PAGES OF OVER USED, TIRED, UNDERRATED WORK IN WEIRDO #25. I MEAN DON'T GET ME WRONG, I LIKE THE FRIEDMAN'S IMMENSELY AND ABSOLUTELY SHOOT MY DINKY WAD OVER DOUG ALLEN BUT SHIT! I HAPPILY SHELLED OUT ALMOST THREE CLAMS AND FIND STUFF IN HERE I BOUGHT ELSEWHERE THREE OR FOUR YEARS AGO? COME ON, GIVE ME A BREAK. BUT THEN I CHECKED OUT THE EDITORIAL PAGE AND FOUND #25 TO BE PIECED PLUCKED AND PLONKED BY NONE UDDER THAN PEETY BAGGIE, THE MOST NO TALENT, SUCK HOLE, BUTT LICKING, NOSE PICKER IN UNDERGRAVE COMICS HISTORY. THEN I KNEW WHAT THE PROBLEM WAS. TAKE A GUY WHO PREFERS TO LIVE IN A DEAD WEIGHT STATE ON THE WEST COAST, HANGS OUT AT THE 7 ELEVEN, GIGGLES AT HIS OWN WORK AND GENERALLY DOESN'T KNOW SHIT FROM SHINE-OLA AND YOU'RE BOUND TO GET A BORING, THIRD RATE, HACK EDITED, POOPY PIECE OF DOO-DOO LIKE ISSUE 25. SORRY ALINEBABY, ITS YOUR FAULT ONLY IN THAT YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A CRUSH (DON'T TRY TO HIDE IT, ANY FOOL CAN SPOT IT) ON THAT SUPER GOON BAGGY. SO WHAT IF HE HAPPENS TO BUST HIS TINY BALLS KNOCKING OUT ONE OF THE BEST BOOKS IN THE DOPEY BUSINESS, THE EVER LOVED, ALWAYS ENLIGHTENING NEAT STUFF, PROBABLY THE TOP MOP MAGAZINE AROUND. DOES THAT GIVE HIM THE RIGHT TO COME IN HERE AND FUCK WITH A PERFECTLY DECENT BOOK LIKE WEIRDO WITH HIS GLITZY, KITCHY, PRE-SCHOOL GIMMICK "LOSERS, SCHMOOZERS, AND MORE KOOZERS" ISSUE? I MEAN SOMEBODY MIGHT THINK I'M GOING A BIT FAR OVER SOME REREREPRINTED MATERIAL AND MAYBE I AM, SO WHAT?? BIG DEAL SO ITS NEVER BEEN DONE IN WEIRDO BEFORE, WATSAMATTA WIT YOU? YOU LIVE IN A BUBBLE OR SOMETHING? DON'T YOU THINK PEOPLE WHO BUY WEIRDO ARE STARVED FOR QUALITY READING MATERIAL AND BUY EVERYTHING THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON AT YE OLDE COMIC SHOPPE AND MORE THAN LIKELY WOULD HAVE SEEN MOST UNDERGRIND ARTISTS? YOU DON'T THINK SO HUH...? WELL PUT THIS IN YOUR BOOT AND SMOKE IT PEETY ME LAD, I'VE GOT A GUN AND YOU BETTER LOOK OUT. I KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE. MR. MORTE COULD BE GIVING YOU A CALL ON THE BONE PHONE SO WATCH YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

TWIXT WALKER
13666 DEATH ROW
8th RING O'HELL, ALASKA

ED NOTE: I'M DONATING MY FACE LIFT MONEY TO HIRE A BODY GUARD FOR PETER....

HARVEY SEZ...
continued

PEOPLE THAT KNOW HIM DESCRIBE JOE SACCO AS A HARD-WORKING, INTELLIGENT GUY WHO IS ALWAYS ATTEMPTING TO IMPROVE HIS WRITING AND DRAWING. JOE'S EFFORTS PAY OFF IN HIS VERY GOOD YAHOO #2, FANTAGRAPHICS, A CHRONICLE OF HIS TRAVELS IN EUROPE AS A ROADIE WITH A ROCK BAND. THE BOOK HAS LINEAR AND NON-LINEAR QUALITIES. IT'S SET UP CHRONOLOGICALLY LIKE A JOURNAL. HOWEVER THE WRITING, DIALOG AND NARRATIVE COMMENTS, ON EACH PAGE ARE SOMETIMES CONSTRUCTED SO THAT THERE'S NO OBVIOUS ORDER IN WHICH IT SHOULD BE READ. SOMETIMES SACCO ESCHEWS PANEL BORDERS. THE RESULT IS TO LEND THE COMIC A QUALITY OF IMMEDIACY, AS IF EVERYTHING IS HAPPENING AT ONCE.

SACCO'S AN OBSERVANT GUY, RECORDING MANY POIGNANT AND PAINFUL MOMENTS. THERE'S HUMOR IN YAHOO #2 AS WELL, BUT OVERALL ITS A DISTURBING RATHER THAN AMUSING BOOK. WATCH OUT FOR SACCO, HE'S ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE YOUNGER CARTOONISTS; UNFORTUNATELY HIS WORK IS TOO SUBTLE AND INTELLIGENT TO BE FULLY APPRECIATED BY MANY COMIC BOOK FANS.

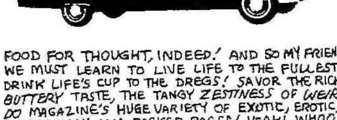
ANOTHER GOOD NEW FANTAGRAPHICS BOOK IS BAD NEWS #3. THERE'S GOOD WORK FROM RAW VETERANS KAZ, MARK BEYER, ART SPIEGELMAN, GARY PANTER, AND JERRY MORIARITY, A VERY UNDERRATED ARTIST AND WRITER. BEN KATCHOR'S "ITALIAN ICES" IS NOTABLE FOR ITS IMAGINATIVE LAYOUTS, WHICH ARE, LIKE SACCO'S, SOMETIMES DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW AND CREATE AN IMPRESSIONISTIC EFFECT AS THE READER TENDS TO TAKE IN EVERYTHING AT ONCE RATHER THAN ONE THING AT A TIME.

ROBERT SIKORJAK CLEVERLY SATIRIZES NEWSPAPER COMICS IN "INDETERMINACY", DREW FRIEDMAN PARODIES MOVIE POSTERS WITH "OOH, JESUS" (STARRING JOE E. ROSS AND STELLA STEVENS).

PAUL KARASIK CONTRIBUTES A FUNNY BUT ALSO INFORMATIVE PIECE ABOUT ELI WHITNEY AND HIS INFLUENCE ON EVENTS LEADING TO THE CIVIL WAR. MARK NEWGARDEN IS REPRESENTED BY GRAPHICALLY STIMULATING PAGES FILLED WITH TINY PANELS DEALING WITH THE PHYSICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL PLEASURES OF EATING POPCORN. THE LONGEST STORY IN BAD NEWS #3 IS GLEN HEAD'S HEAVY, STRONG PIECE ABOUT LIVING ABOVE A TOPLESS BAR IN BROOKLYN, "BELINDA'S TOPLESS."

YAHOO #2 AND BAD NEWS #3 AREN'T THE KIND OF BOOKS THAT SELL WELL, BUT I HOPE INTELLIGENT ARTISTS AND WRITERS SEE THEM. THEY ARE DONE BY PEOPLE WHO HAVE MUCH BROADER FRAMES OF REFERENCE THAN MARVEL AND DC ARTISTS AND AUGER WELL FOR THE FUTURE OF COMICS.

YOU MAY TIE YOUR SHOESTRINGS IN THE MORNING, BUT THE UNDERTAKER MAY UNTIE THEM BEFORE NIGHT.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT, INDEED! AND SO MY FRIENDS, WE MUST LEARN TO LIVE LIFE TO THE FULLEST... DRINK LIFE'S CUP TO THE DREGS! SAVOR THE RICH, *BUTTERY* TASTE, THE TANGY *ZESTINESS* OF *WEIRDO* MAGAZINE'S HUGE VARIETY OF EXOTIC, EROTIC, ARTISTICALLY JAM-PACKED PAGES! YEAH! WHOO BOY! AND SO MY DEAR FRIENDS, I *BESEECH* YOU—I *IMPLORE* YOU TO PURCHASE AND ENJOY EACH AND EVERY ISSUE OF *WEIRDO*! ORDER THEM NOW! TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN! GIRLS NEITHER!

ISSUE NO. 1 – OUT OF PRINT!
ISSUES NO. 2, 3 & 4: $2.25 EACH
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ISSUE NO. 6 – OUT OF PRINT!
ISSUES NO. 7 THRU 17: $2.50 EACH
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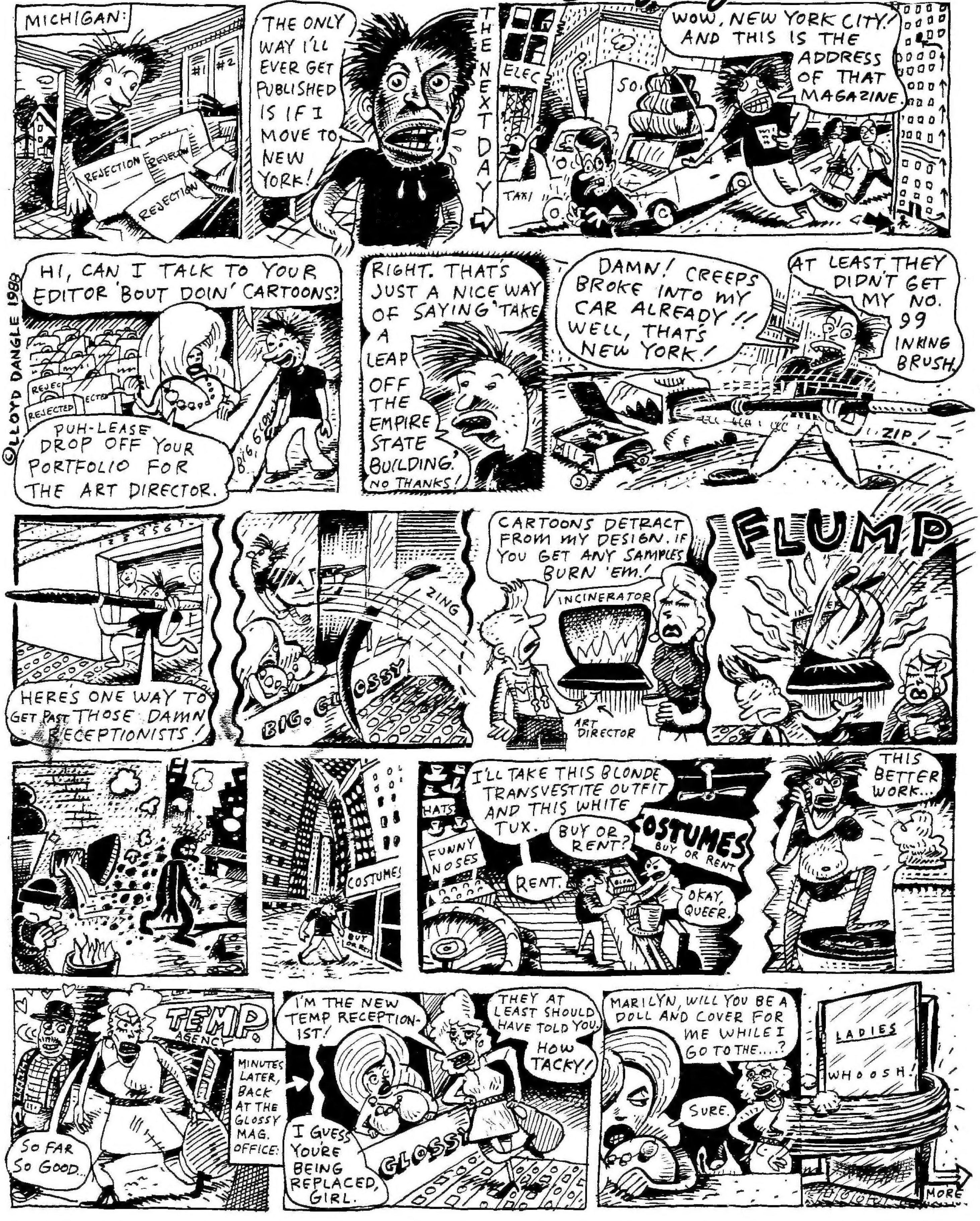
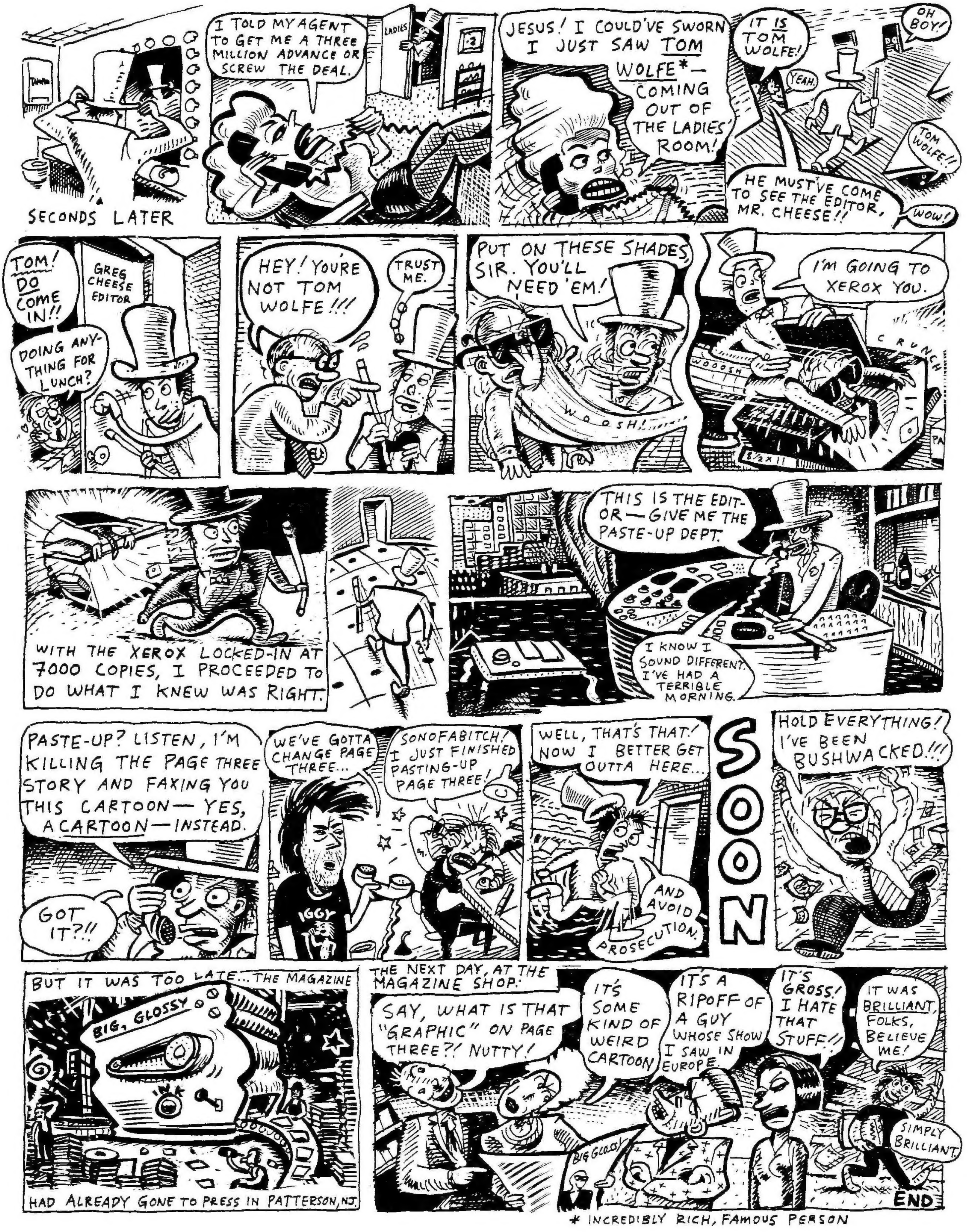
INCLUDE $1.50 POSTAGE WITH YOUR ORDER.

SEND TO: LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES,
P.O. BOX 410067, SAN FRANCISCO, CA., 94141

HOW I GOT *Published* IN A BIG, *glossy* MAGAZINE

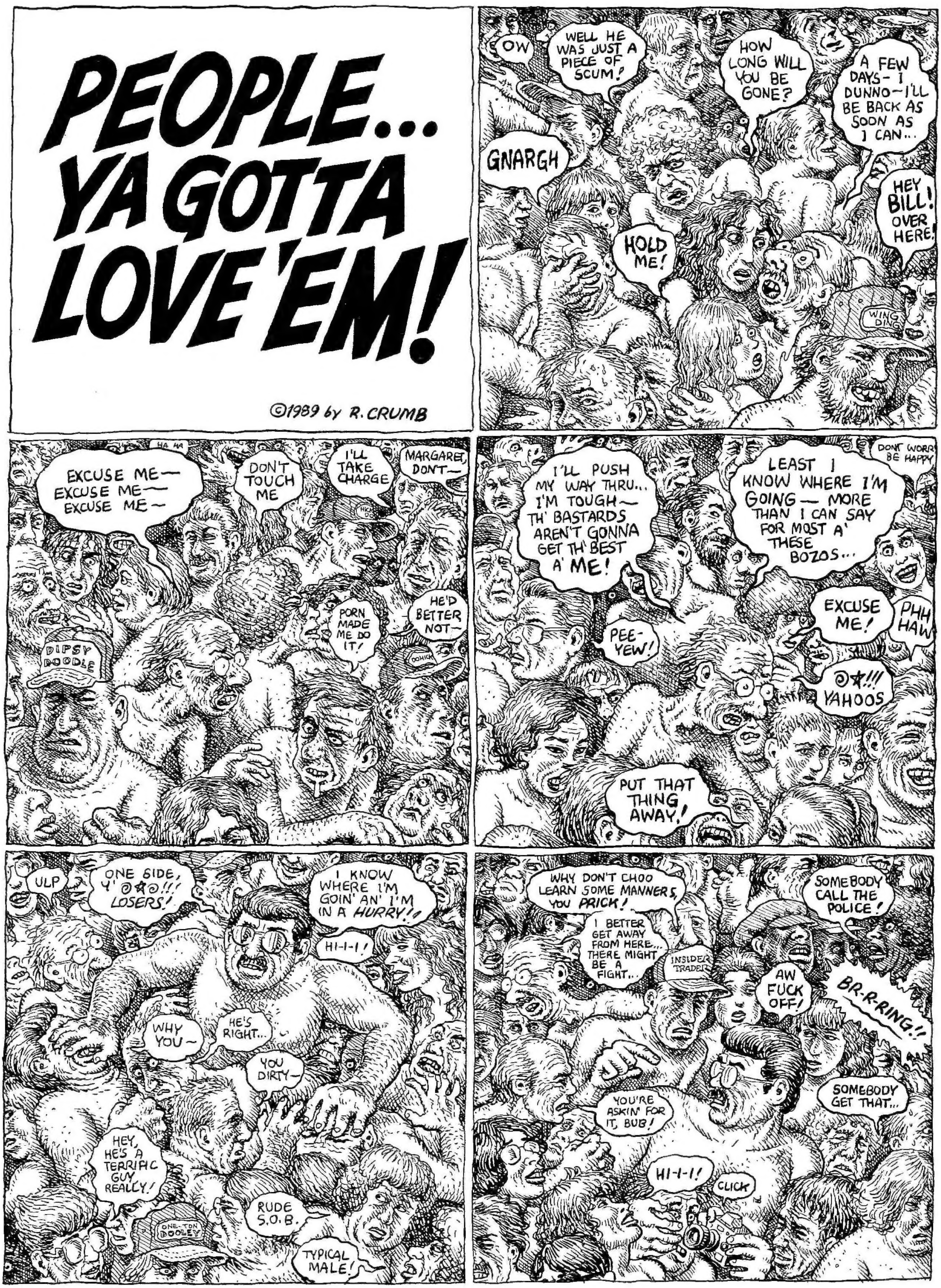

©LLOYD DANGLE 1988
MICHIGAN:
#1 #2
REJECTION
REJECTION
REJECTION
THE ONLY WAY I'LL EVER GET PUBLISHED IS IF I MOVE TO NEW YORK!
THE NEXT DAY
ELEC
SO
TAXI
WOW, NEW YORK CITY! AND THIS IS THE ADDRESS OF THAT MAGAZINE.
HI, CAN I TALK TO YOUR EDITOR 'BOUT DOIN' CARTOONS?
REJEC
REJECTED
ECTED
BIG, GLOSSY
PUH-LEASE DROP OFF YOUR PORTFOLIO FOR THE ART DIRECTOR.
RIGHT. THAT'S JUST A NICE WAY OF SAYING 'TAKE A LEAP OFF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.' NO THANKS!
DAMN! CREEPS BROKE INTO MY CAR ALREADY!! WELL, THAT'S NEW YORK!
AT LEAST THEY DIDN'T GET MY NO. 99 INKING BRUSH.
ZIP!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
HERE'S ONE WAY TO GET PAST THOSE DAMN RECEPTIONISTS!
ZING
BIG, GLOSSY
CARTOONS DETRACT FROM MY DESIGN. IF YOU GET ANY SAMPLES BURN 'EM!
INCINERATOR
ART DIRECTOR
FLUMP
COSTUMES
BUY OR RENT
I'LL TAKE THIS BLONDE TRANSVESTITE OUTFIT AND THIS WHITE TUX.
HATS
FUNNY NOSES
BUY OR RENT?
COSTUMES BUY OR RENT
RENT.
OKAY, QUEER.
THIS BETTER WORK...
TEMP AGENCY
SO FAR SO GOOD...
MINUTES LATER, BACK AT THE GLOSSY MAG. OFFICE:
I'M THE NEW TEMP RECEPTIONIST!
I GUESS YOU'RE BEING REPLACED, GIRL.
GLOSSY
THEY AT LEAST SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU. HOW TACKY!
MARILYN, WILL YOU BE A DOLL AND COVER FOR ME WHILE I GO TO THE....?
SURE.
LADIES
WHOOSH!
MORE

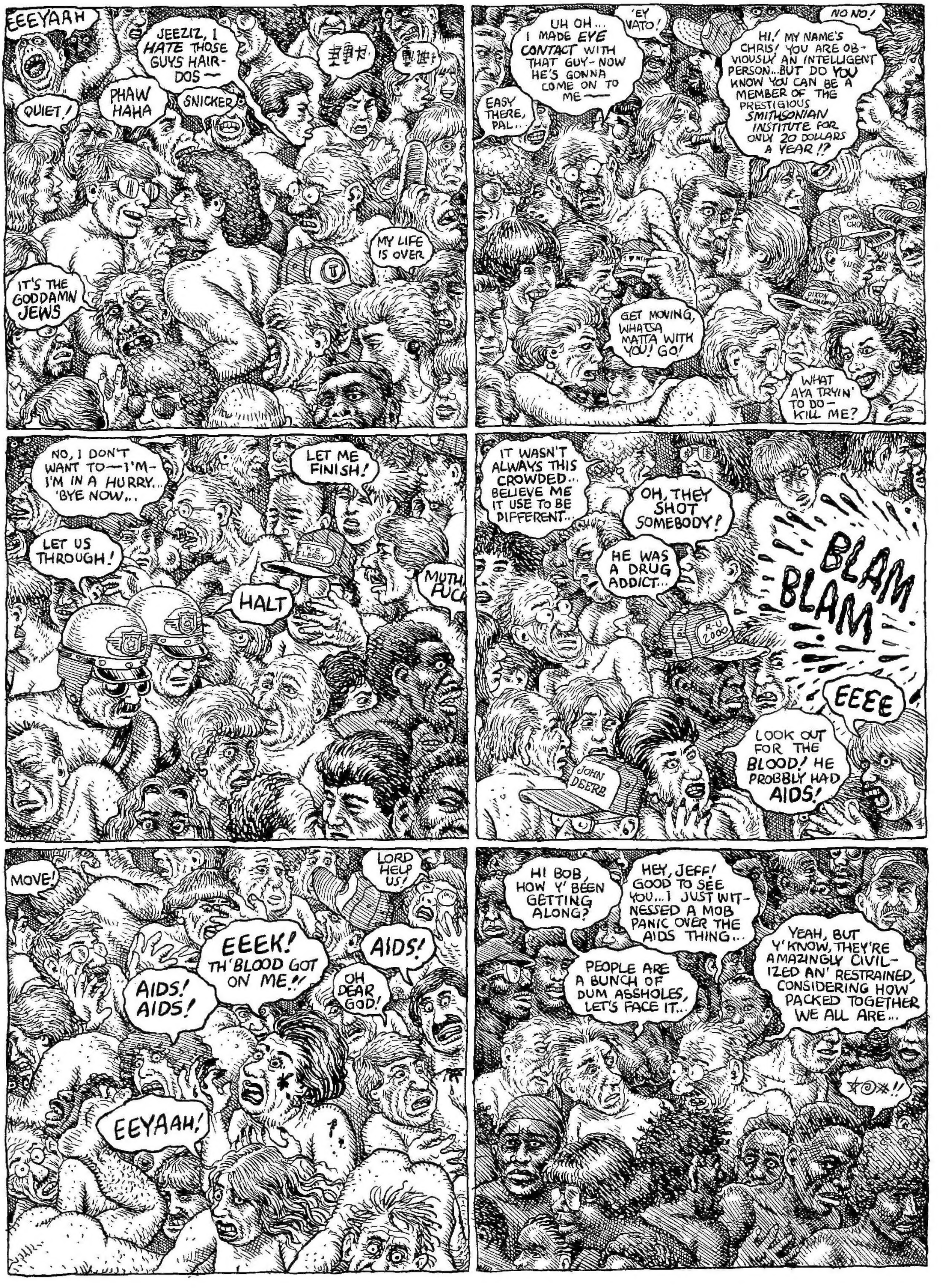

SECONDS LATER
I TOLD MY AGENT TO GET ME A THREE MILLION ADVANCE OR SCREW THE DEAL.
LADIES
JESUS! I COULD'VE SWORN I JUST SAW TOM WOLFE*— COMING OUT OF THE LADIES' ROOM!
IT IS TOM WOLFE!
YEAH.
OH BOY!
TOM WOLFE!!
HE MUST'VE COME TO SEE THE EDITOR, MR. CHEESE!!
WOW!
TOM! DO COME IN!!
GREG CHEESE EDITOR
DOING ANYTHING FOR LUNCH?
HEY! YOU'RE NOT TOM WOLFE!!!
TRUST ME.
PUT ON THESE SHADES, SIR. YOU'LL NEED 'EM!
WOOSH!
I'M GOING TO XEROX YOU.
WOOOSH
CRUNCH
8½x11
WITH THE XEROX LOCKED-IN AT 7000 COPIES, I PROCEEDED TO DO WHAT I KNEW WAS RIGHT.
THIS IS THE EDITOR— GIVE ME THE PASTE-UP DEPT.
I KNOW I SOUND DIFFERENT. I'VE HAD A TERRIBLE MORNING.
PASTE-UP? LISTEN, I'M KILLING THE PAGE THREE STORY AND FAXING YOU THIS CARTOON— YES, A CARTOON— INSTEAD.
GOT IT?!!
WE'VE GOTTA CHANGE PAGE THREE...
SONOFABITCH! I JUST FINISHED PASTING-UP PAGE THREE!
IGGY
WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW I BETTER GET OUTTA HERE...
AND AVOID PROSECUTION.
SOON
HOLD EVERYTHING! I'VE BEEN BUSHWACKED!!!
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... THE MAGAZINE
BIG, GLOSSY
HAD ALREADY GONE TO PRESS IN PATTERSON, NJ.
THE NEXT DAY, AT THE MAGAZINE SHOP:
SAY, WHAT IS THAT "GRAPHIC" ON PAGE THREE?! NUTTY!
IT'S SOME KIND OF WEIRD CARTOON
IT'S A RIPOFF OF A GUY WHOSE SHOW I SAW IN EUROPE
IT'S GROSS! I HATE THAT STUFF!!
IT WAS BRILLIANT, FOLKS, BELIEVE ME!
BIG GLOSSY
SIMPLY BRILLIANT.
END

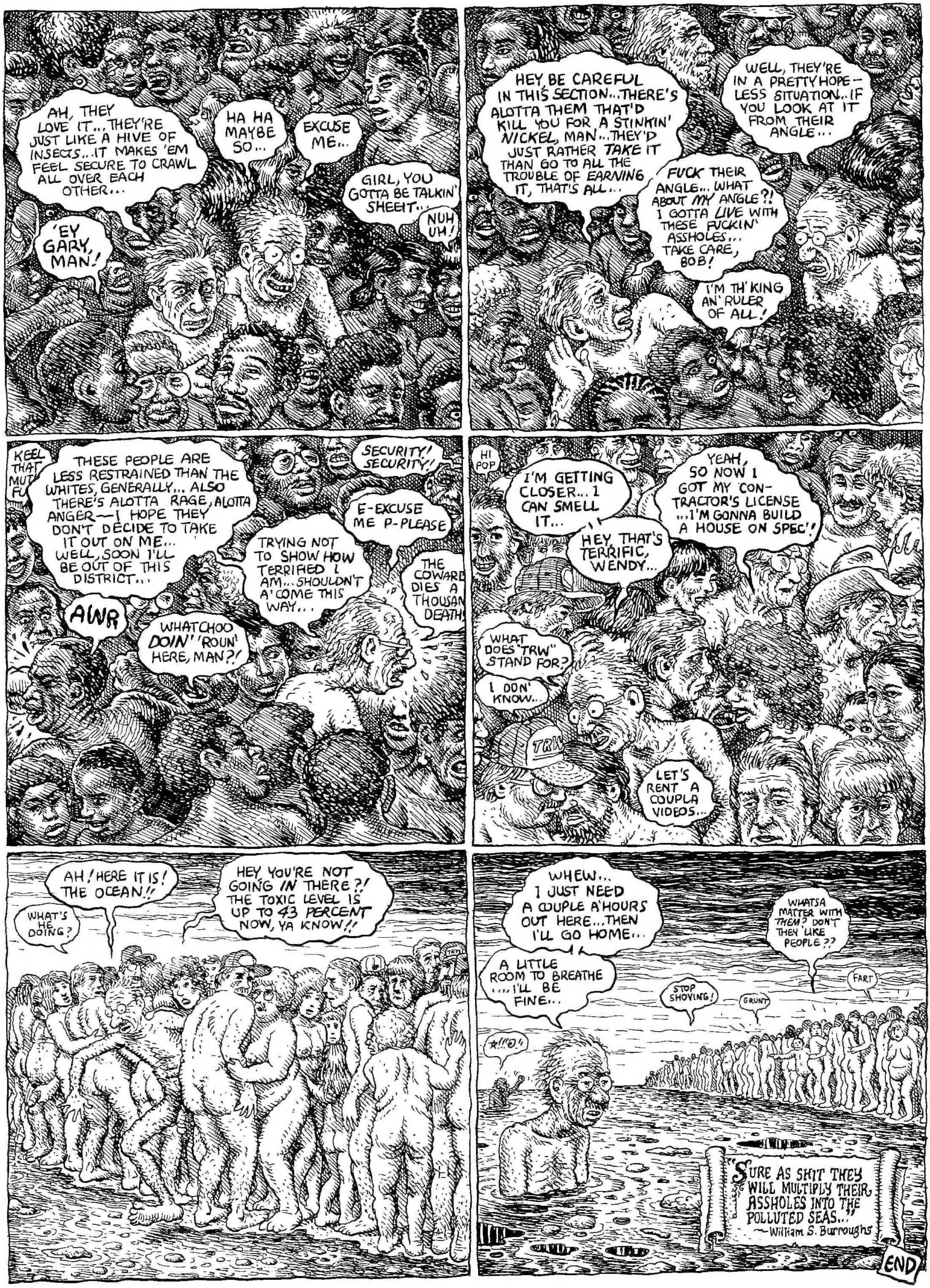
* INCREDIBLY RICH, FAMOUS PERSON

PEOPLE... YA GOTTA LOVE 'EM!

©1989 by R. CRUMB


OW
WELL HE WAS JUST A PIECE OF SCUM!
HOW LONG WILL YOU BE GONE?
A FEW DAYS- I DUNNO- I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN...
GNARGH
HEY BILL! OVER HERE!
HOLD ME!
WING DING
HA HA
EXCUSE ME— EXCUSE ME— EXCUSE ME—
DON'T TOUCH ME
I'LL TAKE CHARGE
MARGARET, DON'T—
PORN MADE ME DO IT!
HE'D BETTER NOT—
DIPSY DOODLE
OOHICK
I'LL PUSH MY WAY THRU... I'M TOUGH— TH' BASTARDS AREN'T GONNA GET TH' BEST A' ME!
LEAST I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING— MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR MOST A' THESE BOZOS...
DON'T WORR BE HAPPY
EXCUSE ME!
PHH HAW
PEE-YEW!
@★!!! YAHOOS
PUT THAT THING AWAY!
ULP
ONE SIDE, Y' @★☆!!! LOSERS!
I KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN' AN' I'M IN A HURRY!!
HI-I-I!
WHY YOU—
HE'S RIGHT...
YOU DIRTY—
HEY, HE'S A TERRIFIC GUY REALLY!
RUDE S.O.B.
TYPICAL MALE!
ONE-TON DOOLEY
WHY DON'T CHOO LEARN SOME MANNERS, YOU PRICK!
I BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE... THERE MIGHT BE A FIGHT...
INSIDER TRADER
SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE!
AW FUCK OFF!
BR-R-RING!!
SOMEBODY GET THAT...
YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT, BUB!
HI-I-I!
CLICK

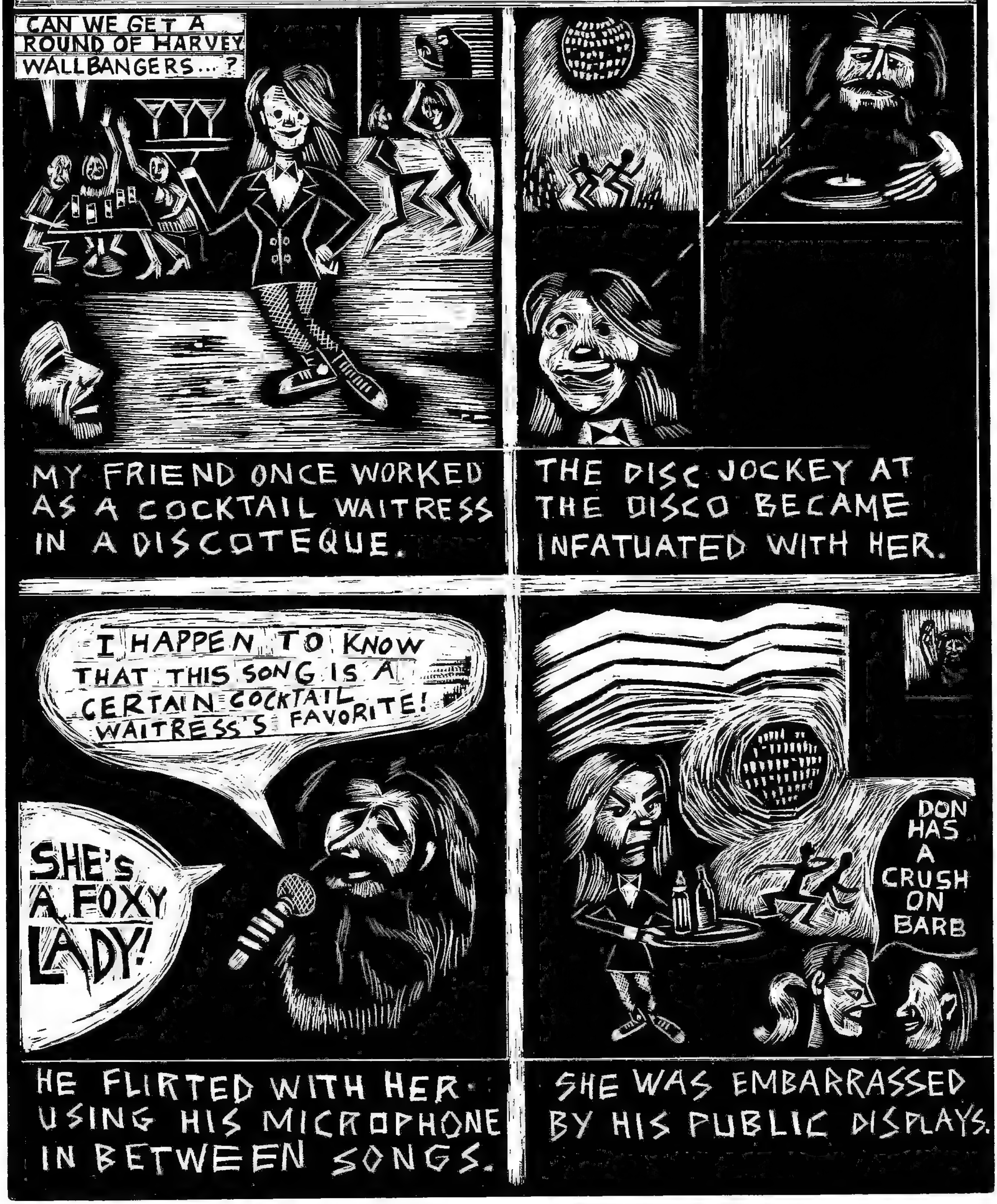

EEEYARH
JEEZIZ, I *HATE* THOSE GUYS HAIR-DOS —
QUIET!
PHAW HAHA
SNICKER
MY LIFE IS OVER
IT'S THE GODDAMN JEWS
UH OH... I MADE *EYE CONTACT* WITH THAT GUY- NOW HE'S GONNA COME ON TO ME —
'EY VATO!
NO NO!
HI! MY NAME'S CHRIS! YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY AN INTELLIGENT PERSON...BUT DO YOU KNOW YOU CAN BE A MEMBER OF THE PRESTIGIOUS *SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE* FOR ONLY 20 DOLLARS A YEAR !?
EASY THERE, PAL...
PURI CHO
I ♥ NY
DIXON
GET MOVING, WHATSA MATTA WITH YOU! GO!
WHAT AYA TRYIN' TO DO- KILL ME?
NO, I DON'T WANT TO—I'M- I'M IN A HURRY... 'BYE NOW...
LET ME FINISH!
LET US THROUGH!
K-E LEROY
HALT
MUTH FUCK
IT WASN'T ALWAYS THIS CROWDED... BELIEVE ME IT USE TO BE DIFFERENT...
OH, THEY SHOT SOMEBODY!
HE WAS A DRUG ADDICT...
BLAM BLAM
R-U 2000
EEEE
JOHN DEERE
LOOK OUT FOR THE BLOOD! HE PROBBLY HAD AIDS!
MOVE!
LORD HELP US!
EEEK! TH'BLOOD GOT ON ME!!
AIDS!
AIDS! AIDS!
OH DEAR GOD!
EEYAAH!
HI BOB, HOW Y' BEEN GETTING ALONG?
HEY, JEFF! GOOD TO SEE YOU... I JUST WITNESSED A MOB PANIC OVER THE AIDS THING...
PEOPLE ARE A BUNCH OF DUM ASSHOLES, LET'S FACE IT...
YEAH, BUT Y'KNOW, THEY'RE AMAZINGLY CIVILIZED AN' RESTRAINED, CONSIDERING HOW PACKED TOGETHER WE ALL ARE...
☆@✱!!

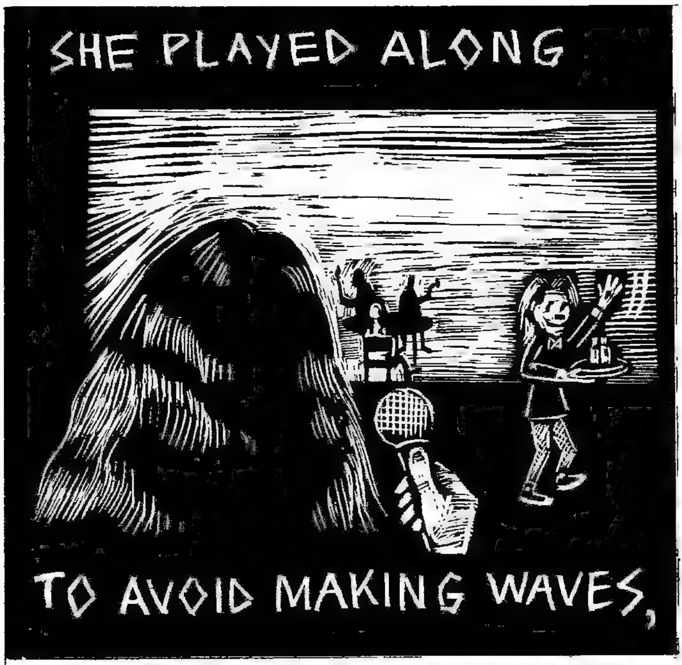

AH, THEY LOVE IT... THEY'RE JUST LIKE A HIVE OF INSECTS... IT MAKES 'EM FEEL SECURE TO CRAWL ALL OVER EACH OTHER...
HA HA MAYBE SO...
EXCUSE ME...
GIRL, YOU GOTTA BE TALKIN' SHEEIT...
NUH UH!
'EY GARY, MAN!
HEY BE CAREFUL IN THIS SECTION... THERE'S ALOTTA THEM THAT'D KILL YOU FOR A STINKIN' NICKEL, MAN... THEY'D JUST RATHER TAKE IT THAN GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF EARNING IT, THAT'S ALL...
WELL, THEY'RE IN A PRETTY HOPELESS SITUATION... IF YOU LOOK AT IT FROM THEIR ANGLE...
FUCK THEIR ANGLE... WHAT ABOUT MY ANGLE?! I GOTTA LIVE WITH THESE FUCKIN' ASSHOLES... TAKE CARE, BOB!
I'M TH' KING AN' RULER OF ALL!
KEEL THAT MUT FU
THESE PEOPLE ARE LESS RESTRAINED THAN THE WHITES, GENERALLY... ALSO THERE'S ALOTTA RAGE, ALOTTA ANGER—I HOPE THEY DON'T DECIDE TO TAKE IT OUT ON ME... WELL, SOON I'LL BE OUT OF THIS DISTRICT...
SECURITY! SECURITY!
E-EXCUSE ME P-PLEASE
TRYING NOT TO SHOW HOW TERRIFIED I AM... SHOULDN'T A' COME THIS WAY...
THE COWARD DIES A THOUSAN DEATH
AWR
WHATCHOO DOIN' 'ROUN' HERE, MAN?!
HI POP
I'M GETTING CLOSER... I CAN SMELL IT...
YEAH, SO NOW I GOT MY 'CONTRACTOR'S LICENSE ...I'M GONNA BUILD A HOUSE ON SPEC'!
HEY, THAT'S TERRIFIC, WENDY...
WHAT DOES "TRW" STAND FOR?
I DON' KNOW...
TRW
LET'S RENT A COUPLA VIDEOS...
AH! HERE IT IS! THE OCEAN!!
WHAT'S HE DOING?
HEY YOU'RE NOT GOING IN THERE?! THE TOXIC LEVEL IS UP TO 43 PERCENT NOW, YA KNOW!!
WHEW... I JUST NEED A COUPLE A'HOURS OUT HERE... THEN I'LL GO HOME...
A LITTLE ROOM TO BREATHE ...I'LL BE FINE...
WHATSA MATTER WITH THEM? DON'T THEY LIKE PEOPLE??
STOP SHOVING!
GRUNT
FART
★!!'@!'
"SURE AS SHIT THEY WILL MULTIPLY THEIR ASSHOLES INTO THE POLLUTED SEAS.." ~William S. Burroughs
END

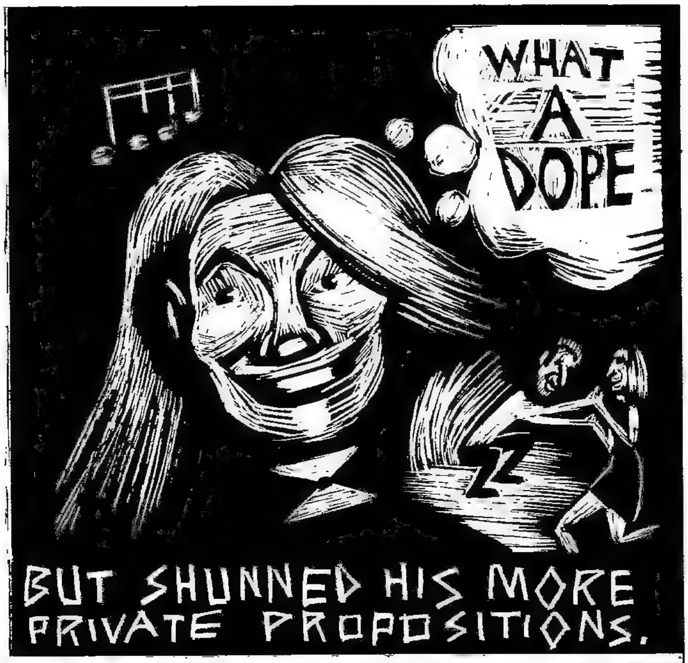
A BIRD IN THE BEARD

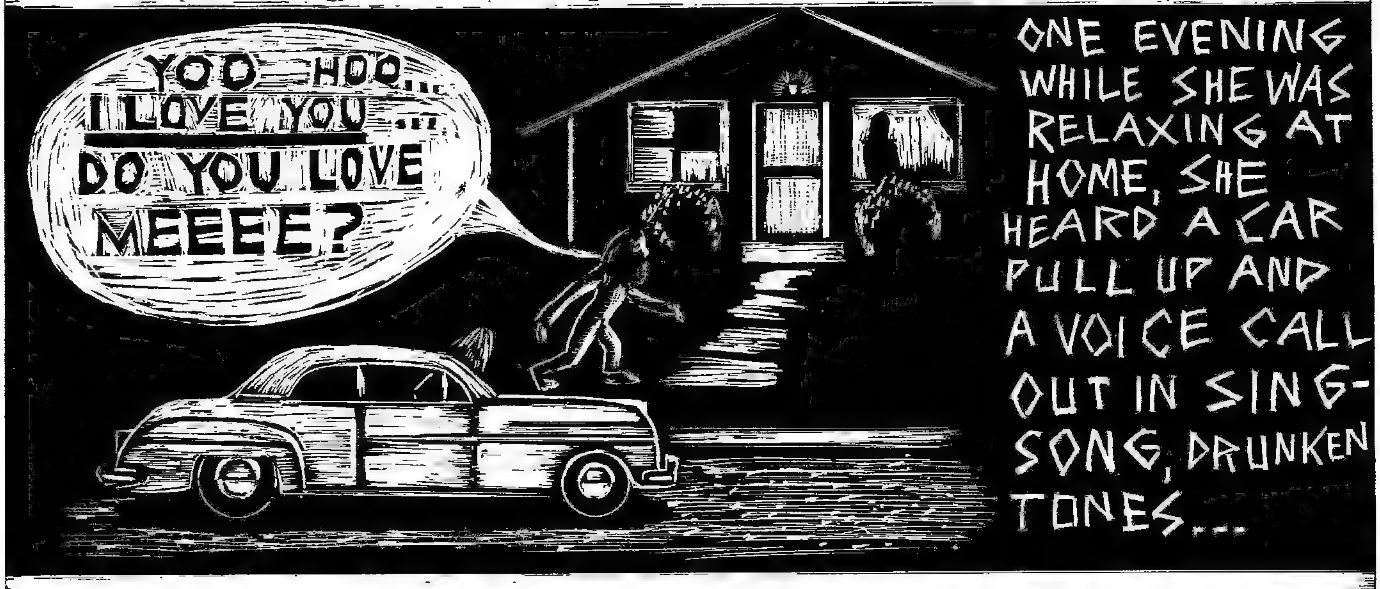
A TRUE STORY

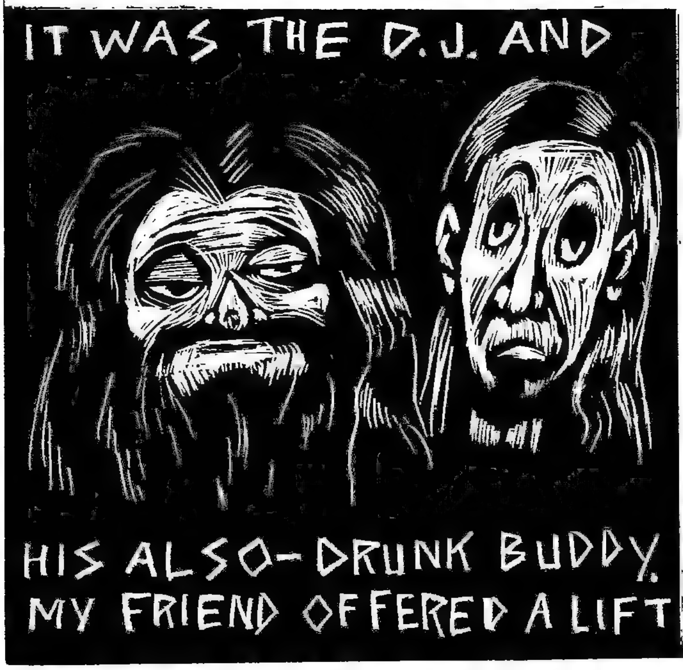
PENNY MORAN '89 ©

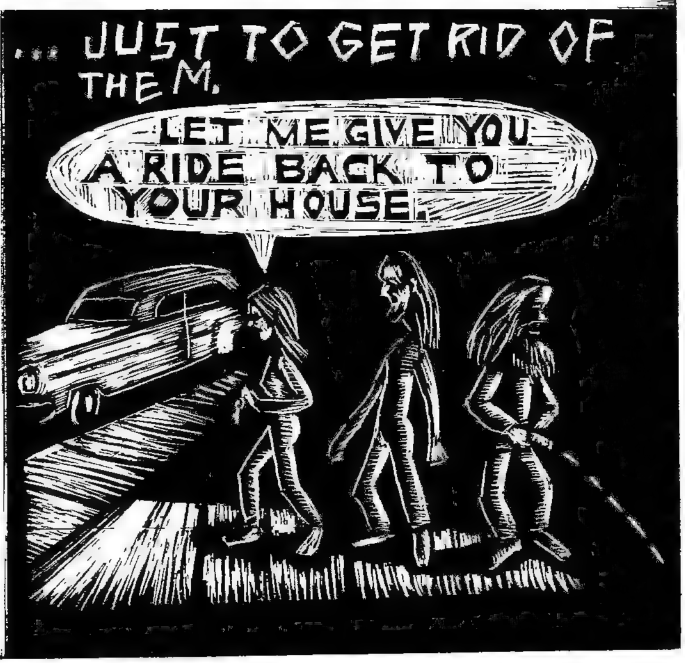

CAN WE GET A ROUND OF HARVEY WALLBANGERS...?
MY FRIEND ONCE WORKED AS A COCKTAIL WAITRESS IN A DISCOTEQUE.
THE DISC JOCKEY AT THE DISCO BECAME INFATUATED WITH HER.
I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT THIS SONG IS A CERTAIN COCKTAIL WAITRESS'S FAVORITE!
SHE'S A FOXY LADY!
HE FLIRTED WITH HER USING HIS MICROPHONE IN BETWEEN SONGS.
DON HAS A CRUSH ON BARB
SHE WAS EMBARRASSED BY HIS PUBLIC DISPLAYS.

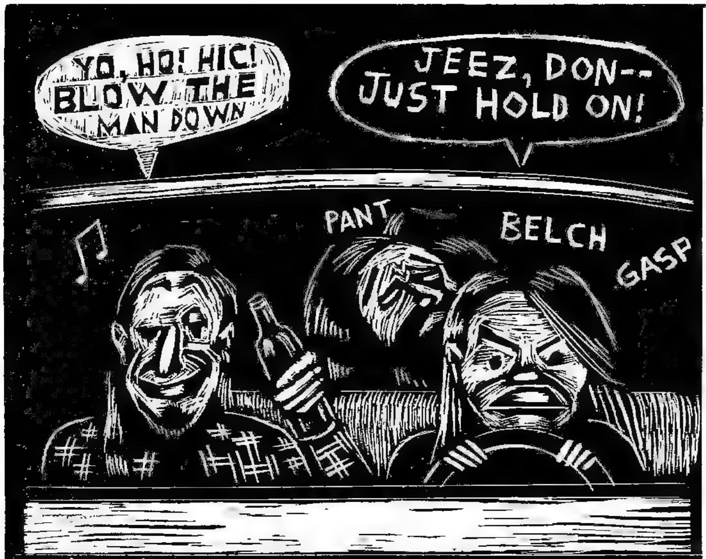

SHE PLAYED ALONG
TO AVOID MAKING WAVES,


WHAT A DOPE
BUT SHUNNED HIS MORE PRIVATE PROPOSITIONS.

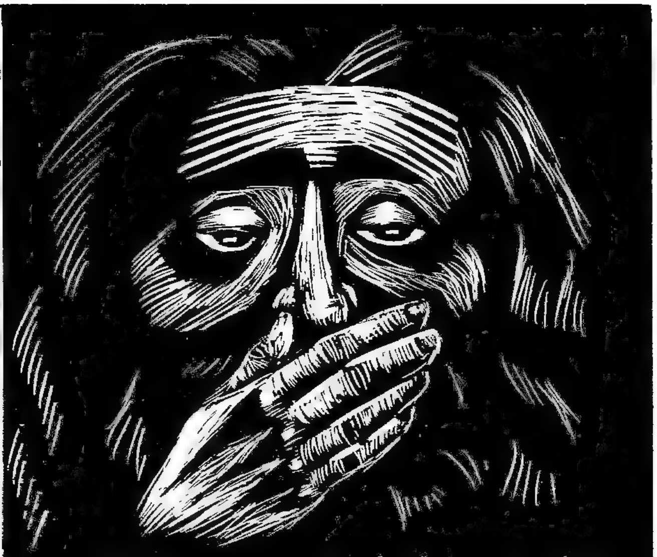

YOO HOO... I LOVE YOU... DO YOU LOVE MEEEE?
ONE EVENING WHILE SHE WAS RELAXING AT HOME, SHE HEARD A CAR PULL UP AND A VOICE CALL OUT IN SING-SONG, DRUNKEN TONES...


IT WAS THE D.J. AND
HIS ALSO-DRUNK BUDDY. MY FRIEND OFFERED A LIFT

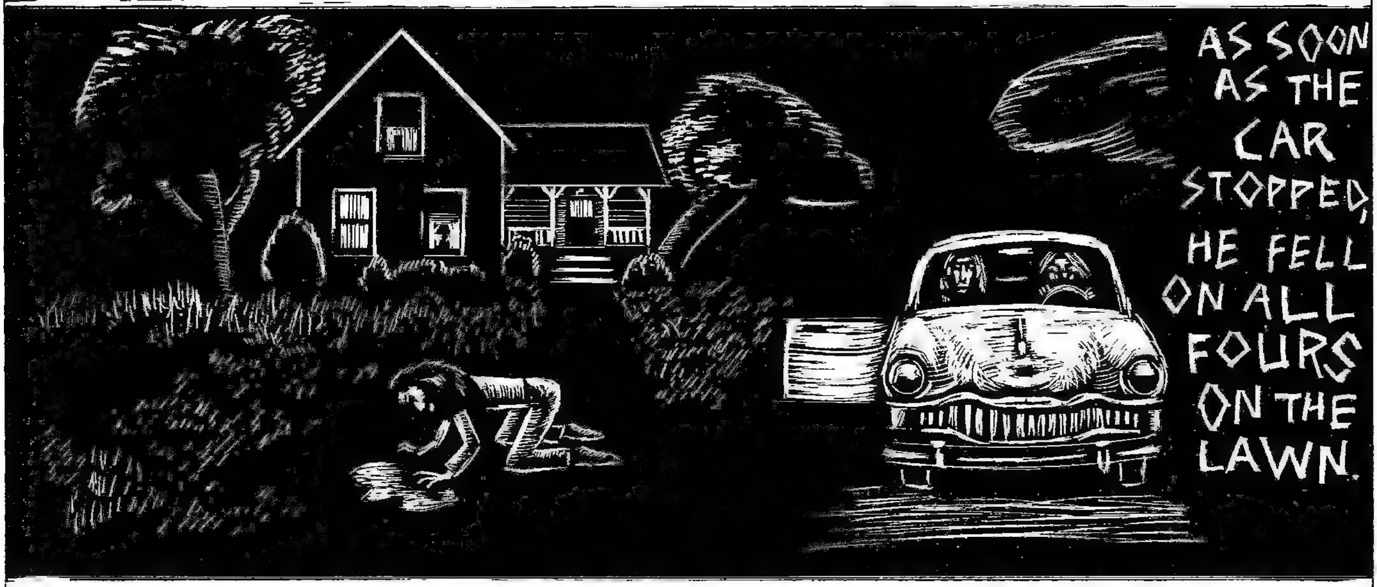

... JUST TO GET RID OF THEM.
LET ME GIVE YOU A RIDE BACK TO YOUR HOUSE.


YO, HO! HIC! BLOW THE MAN DOWN
JEEZ, DON-- JUST HOLD ON!
PANT
BELCH
GASP

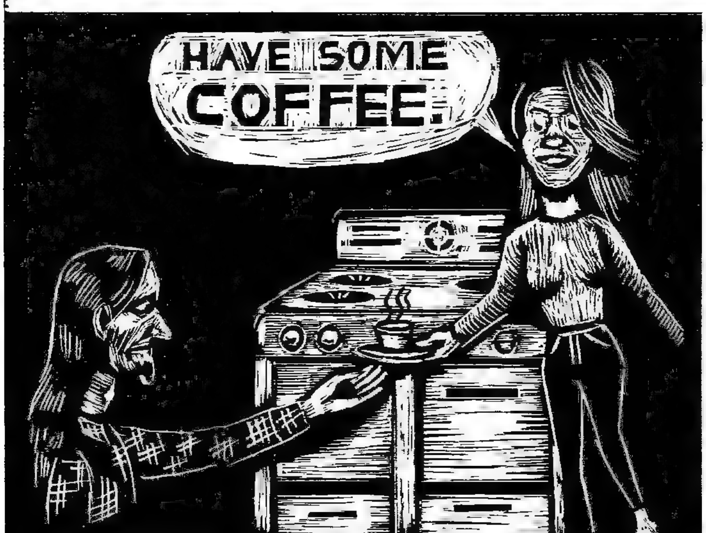
THE D.J.'S BREATHING WAS FAMILIARLY ERRATIC...



...THE HALTING GASP OF ONE ABOUT TO VOMIT.

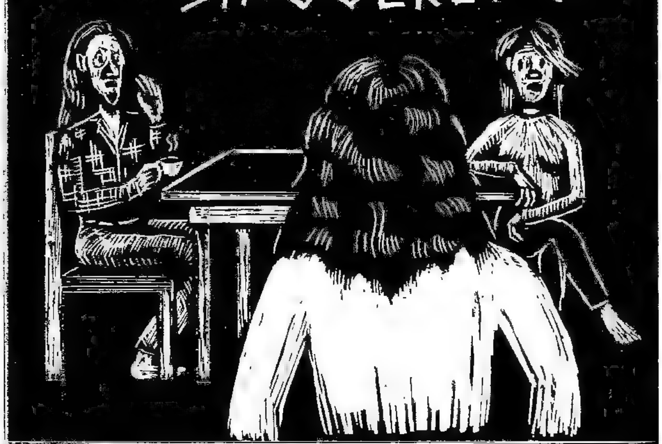


AS SOON AS THE CAR STOPPED, HE FELL ON ALL FOURS ON THE LAWN.

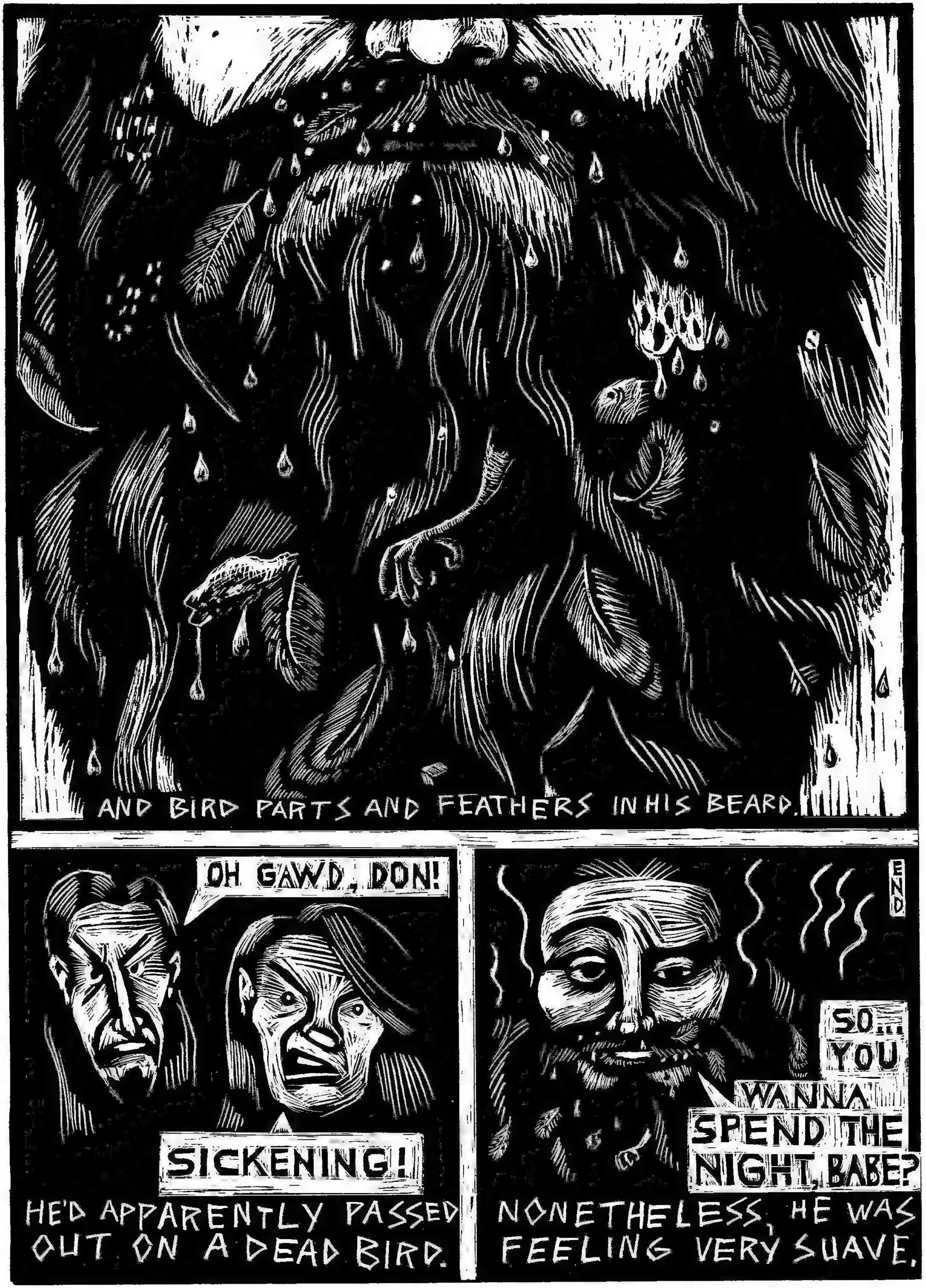

HAVE SOME COFFEE.

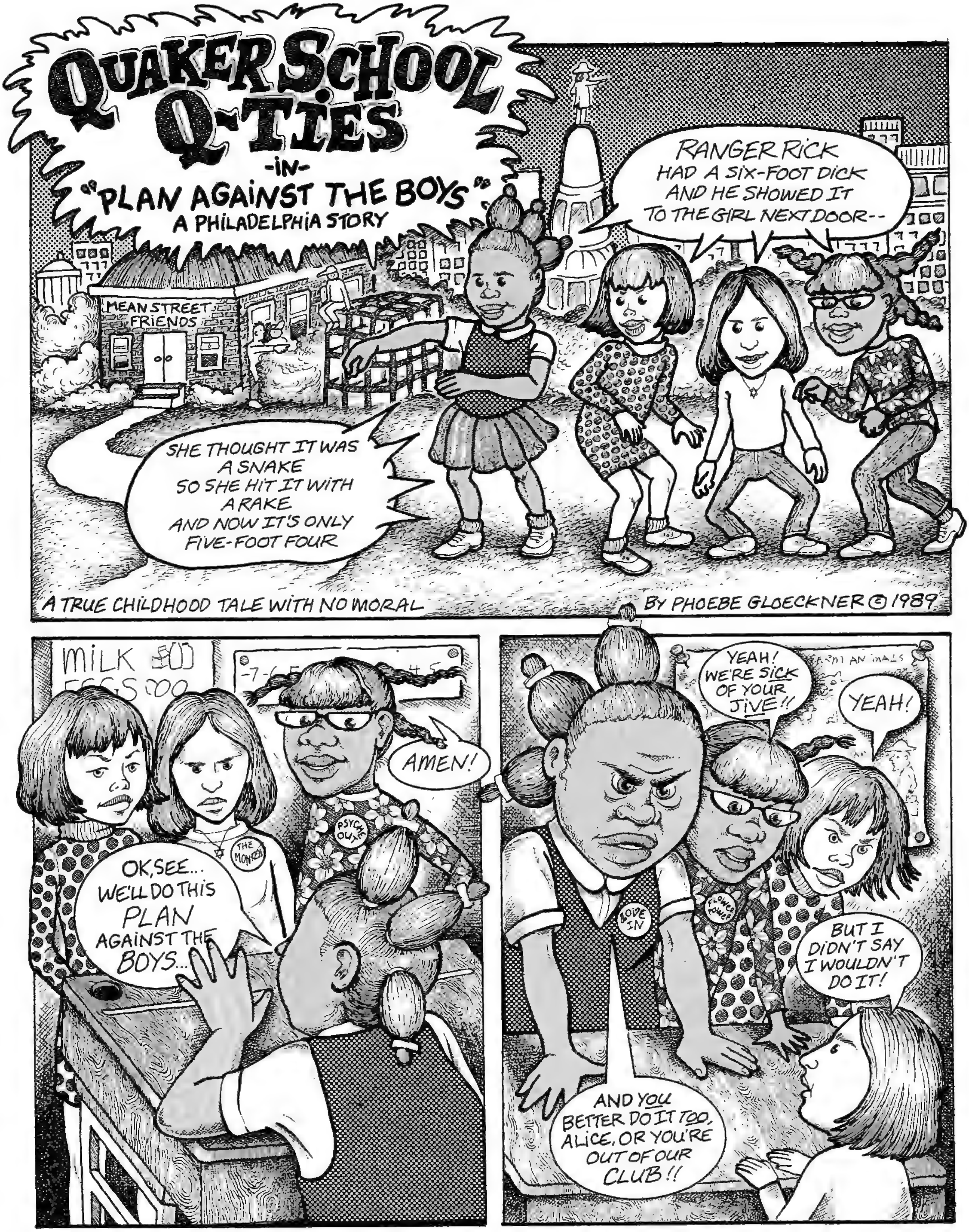
THE TWO OTHERS WENT INTO THE HOUSE.

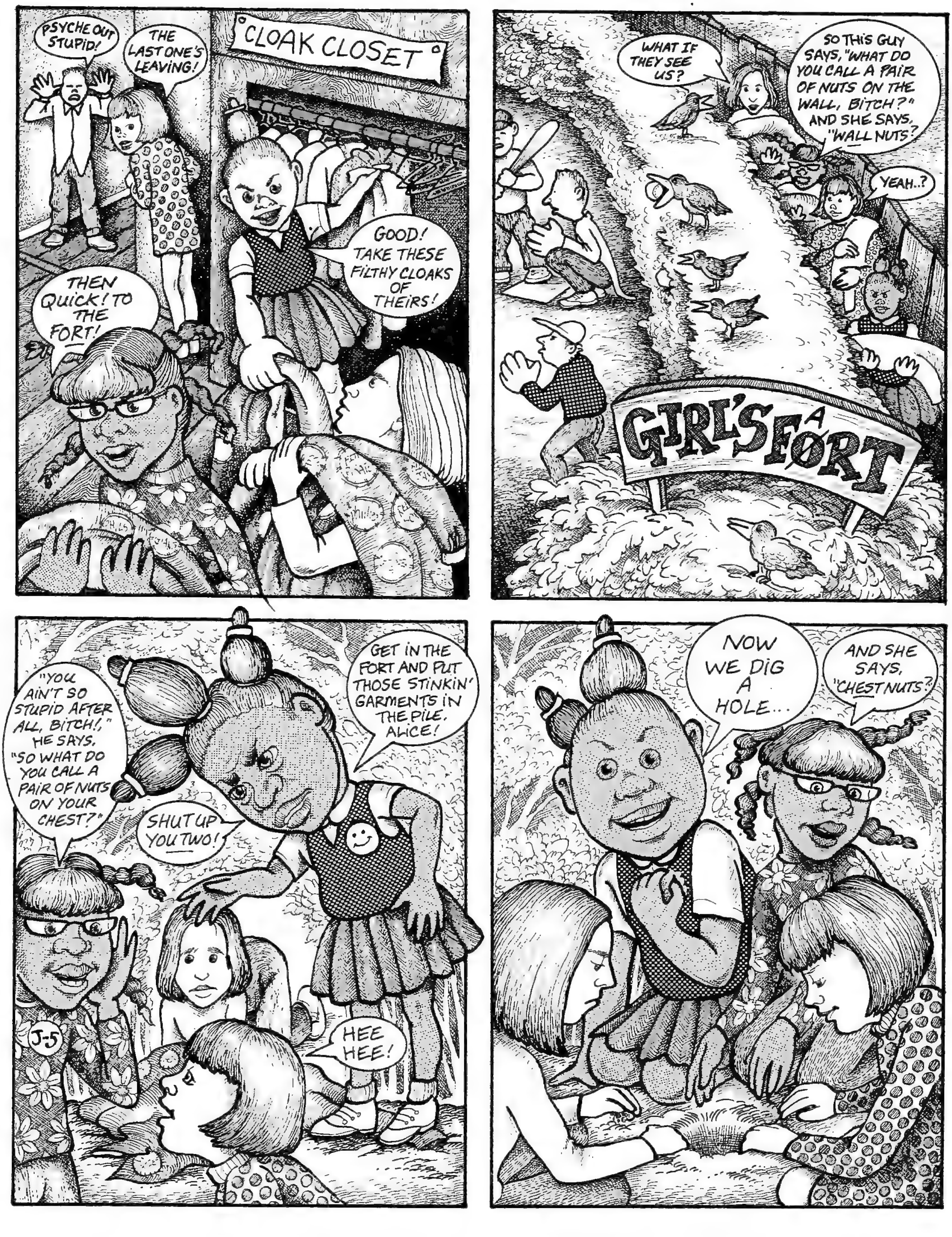
THE D.J. EVENTUALLY STAGGERED IN

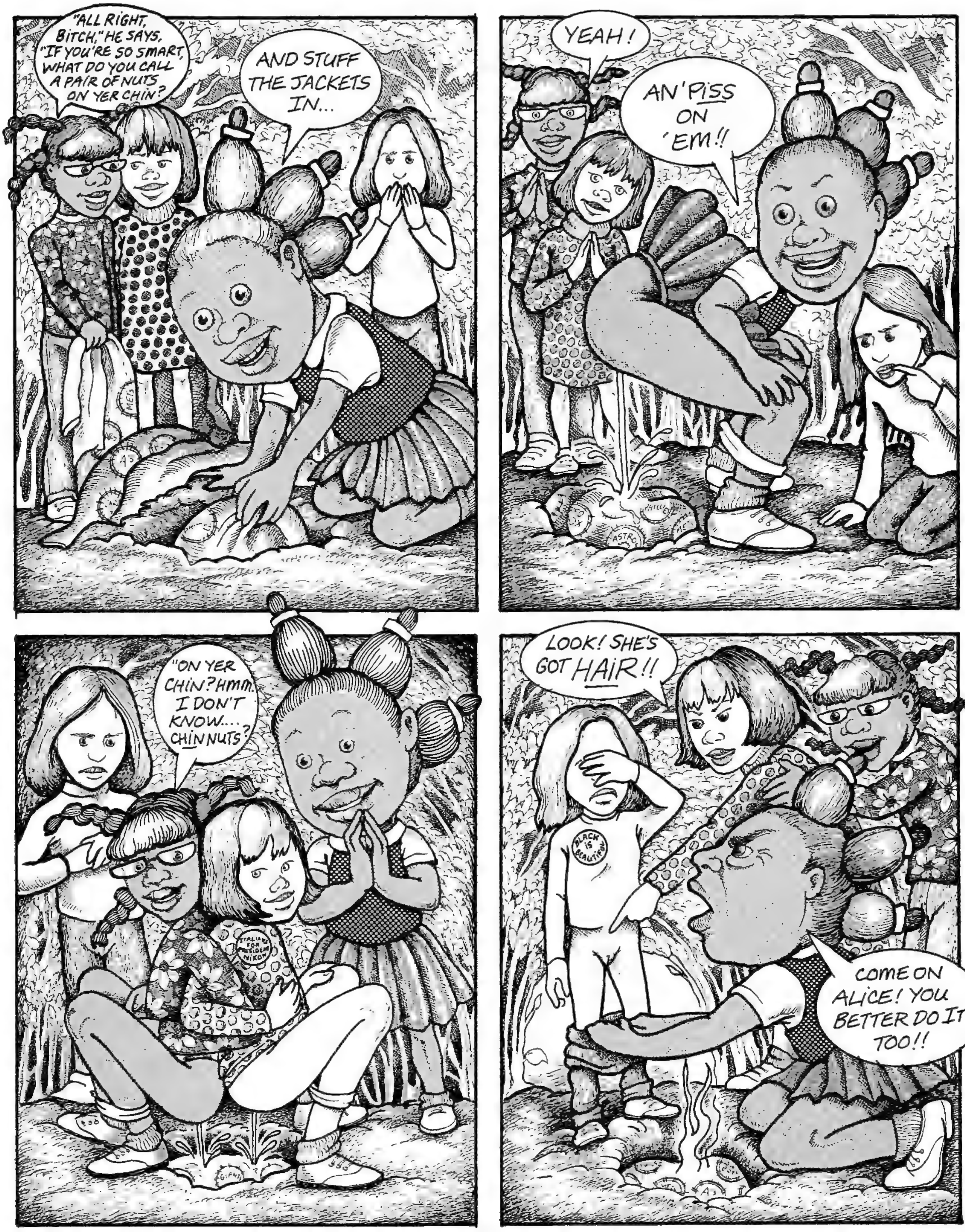


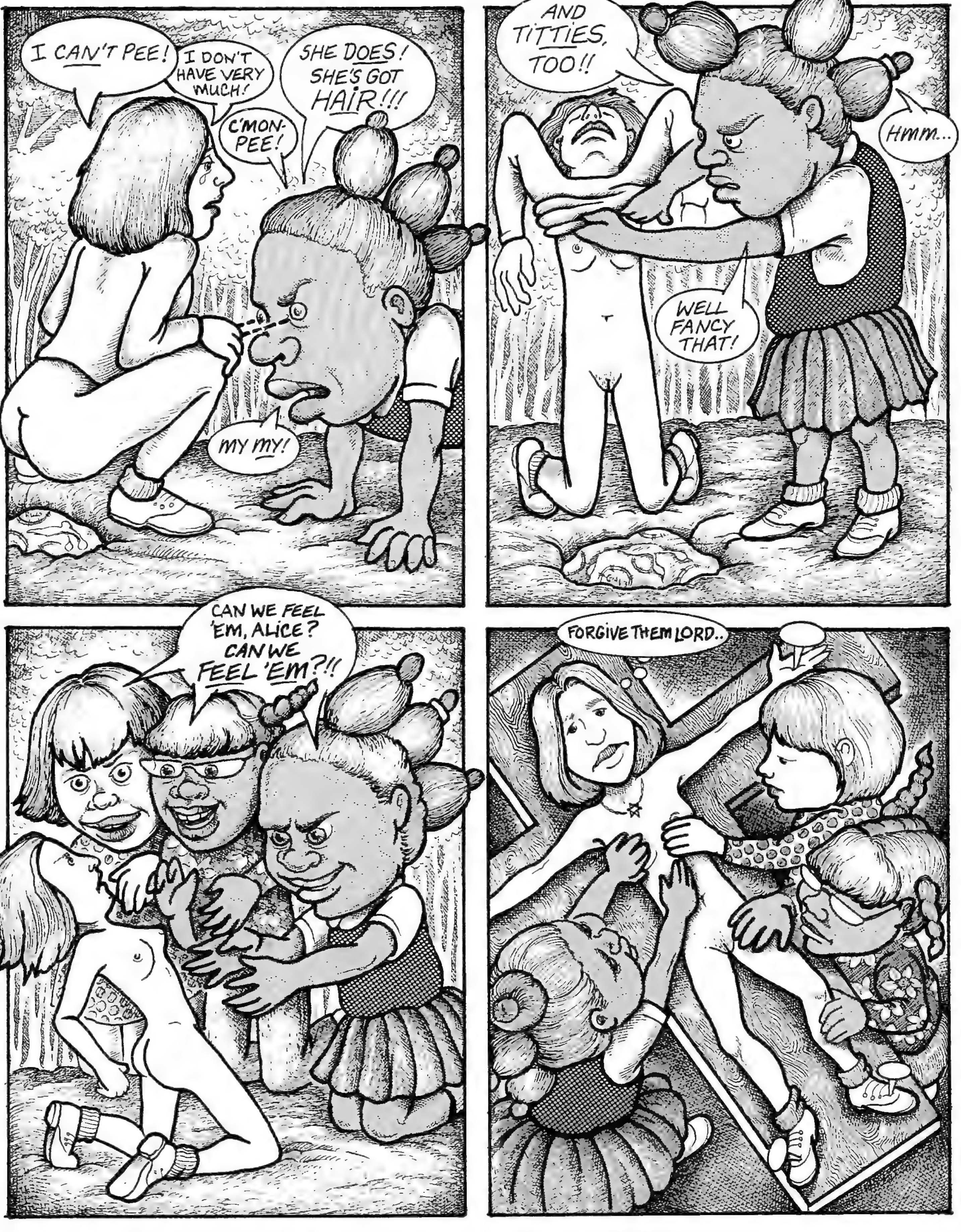
SPORTING PUKE DRIPPING FROM HIS MUSTACHE

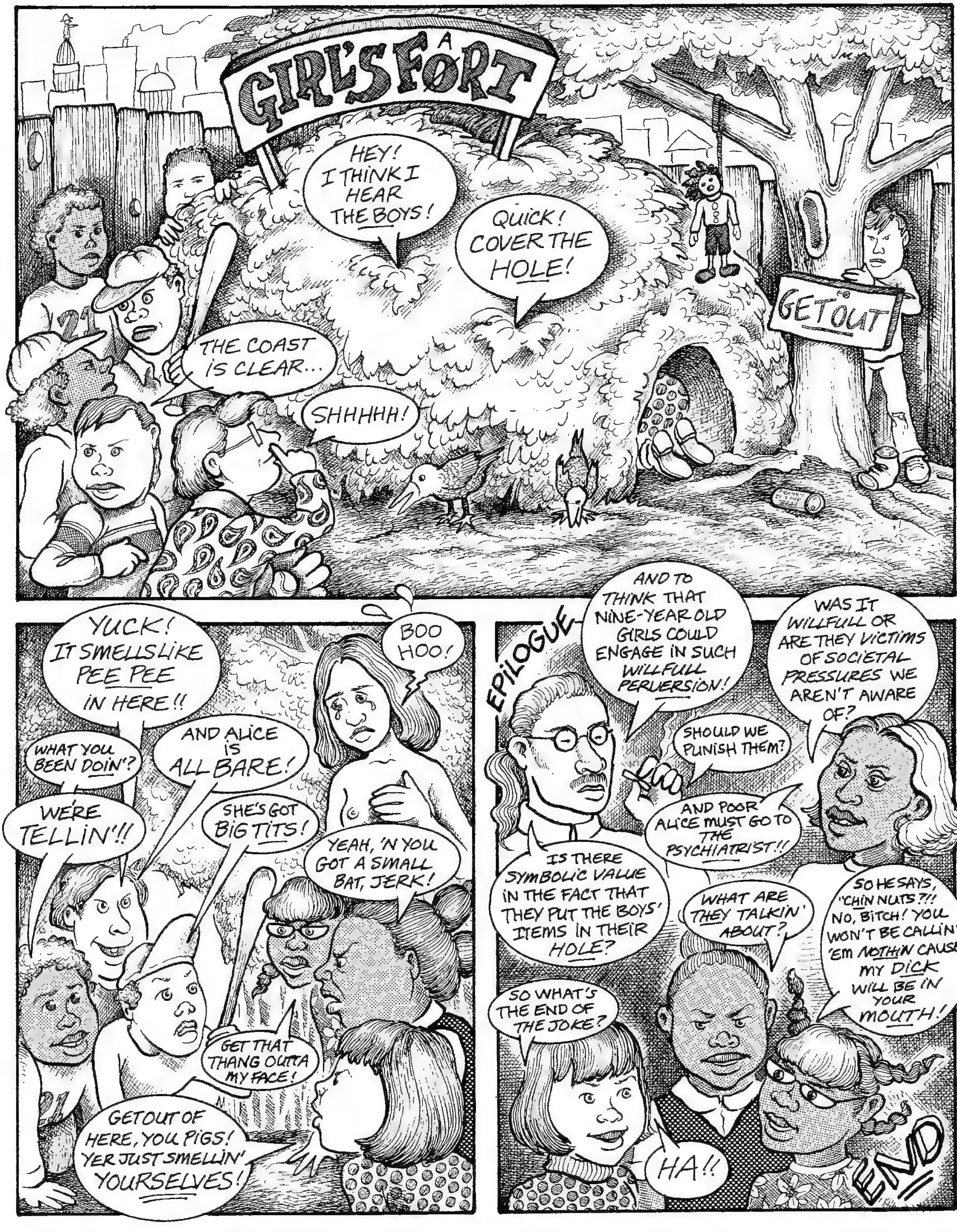

AND BIRD PARTS AND FEATHERS IN HIS BEARD.
OH GAWD, DON!
SICKENING!
HE'D APPARENTLY PASSED OUT ON A DEAD BIRD.
END
SO... YOU WANNA SPEND THE NIGHT, BABE?
NONETHELESS, HE WAS FEELING VERY SUAVE.

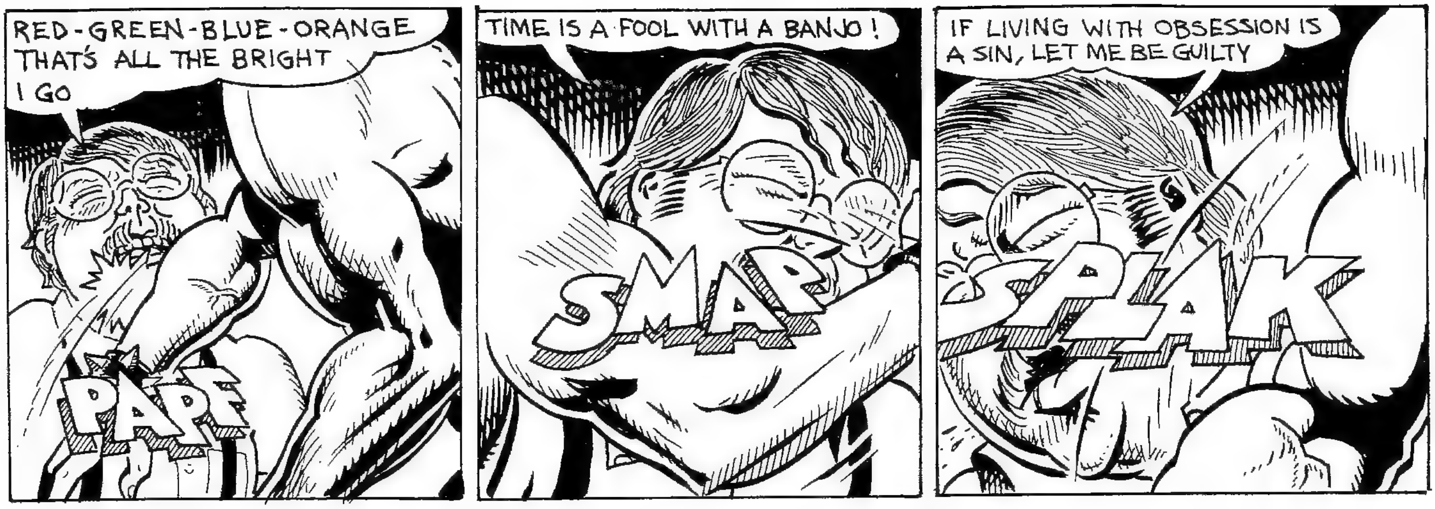

QUAKER SCHOOL Q-TIES
-IN-
"PLAN AGAINST THE BOYS"
A PHILADELPHIA STORY
MEAN STREET FRIENDS
RANGER RICK HAD A SIX-FOOT DICK AND HE SHOWED IT TO THE GIRL NEXT DOOR--
SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A SNAKE SO SHE HIT IT WITH A RAKE AND NOW IT'S ONLY FIVE-FOOT FOUR
A TRUE CHILDHOOD TALE WITH NO MORAL
BY PHOEBE GLOECKNER © 1989
MILK
EGGS
AMEN!
THE MONKEES
PSYCHE OUT
OK, SEE... WE'LL DO THIS PLAN AGAINST THE BOYS...
FARM ANIMALS
YEAH! WE'RE SICK OF YOUR JIVE!!
YEAH!
LOVE IN
FLOWER POWER
BUT I DIDN'T SAY I WOULDN'T DO IT!
AND YOU BETTER DO IT TOO, ALICE, OR YOU'RE OUT OF OUR CLUB!!


PSYCHE OUT STUPID!
THE LAST ONE'S LEAVING!
CLOAK CLOSET
GOOD! TAKE THESE FILTHY CLOAKS OF THEIRS!
THEN QUICK! TO THE FORT!
WHAT IF THEY SEE US?
SO THIS GUY SAYS, "WHAT DO YOU CALL A PAIR OF NUTS ON THE WALL, BITCH?" AND SHE SAYS, "WALL NUTS?"
YEAH..?
GIRL'S A FORT
"YOU AIN'T SO STUPID AFTER ALL, BITCH!," HE SAYS. "SO WHAT DO YOU CALL A PAIR OF NUTS ON YOUR CHEST?"
GET IN THE FORT AND PUT THOSE STINKIN' GARMENTS IN THE PILE, ALICE!
SHUT UP YOU TWO!
J-5
HEE HEE!
NOW WE DIG A HOLE...
AND SHE SAYS, "CHEST NUTS?"


"ALL RIGHT, BITCH," HE SAYS. "IF YOU'RE SO SMART, WHAT DO YOU CALL A PAIR OF NUTS ON YER CHIN?
AND STUFF THE JACKETS IN...
YEAH!
AN' PISS ON 'EM!!
ASTROS
"ON YER CHIN? HMM. I DON'T KNOW.... CHINNUTS?
ITALIANS FOR PRESIDENT NIXON
GIANTS
LOOK! SHE'S GOT HAIR!!
BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL
COME ON ALICE! YOU BETTER DO IT TOO!!
A's


I CAN'T PEE!
I DON'T HAVE VERY MUCH!
SHE DOES! SHE'S GOT HAIR!!!
C'MON-PEE!
my my!
AND TITTIES, TOO!!
Hmm...
WELL FANCY THAT!
CAN WE FEEL 'EM, ALICE? CAN WE FEEL 'EM?!!
FORGIVE THEM LORD..


A GIRL'S FORT
HEY! I THINK I HEAR THE BOYS!
QUICK! COVER THE HOLE!
GET OUT
THE COAST IS CLEAR...
SHHHHH!
YUCK! IT SMELLS LIKE PEE PEE IN HERE!!
BOO HOO!
WHAT YOU BEEN DOIN'?
AND ALICE IS ALL BARE!
WE'RE TELLIN'!!
SHE'S GOT BIG TITS!
YEAH, 'N YOU GOT A SMALL BAT, JERK!
GET THAT THANG OUTTA MY FACE!
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU PIGS! YER JUST SMELLIN' YOURSELVES!
EPILOGUE
AND TO THINK THAT NINE-YEAR OLD GIRLS COULD ENGAGE IN SUCH WILLFULL PERVERSION!
WAS IT WILLFULL OR ARE THEY VICTIMS OF SOCIETAL PRESSURES WE AREN'T AWARE OF?
SHOULD WE PUNISH THEM?
AND POOR ALICE MUST GO TO THE PSYCHIATRIST!!
IS THERE SYMBOLIC VALUE IN THE FACT THAT THEY PUT THE BOYS' ITEMS IN THEIR HOLE?
WHAT ARE THEY TALKIN' ABOUT?
SO HE SAYS, 'CHIN NUTS?!!' No, BITCH! YOU WON'T BE CALLIN' 'EM NOTHIN CAUSE MY DICK WILL BE IN YOUR MOUTH!
SO WHAT'S THE END OF THE JOKE?
HA!!
END


RED-GREEN-BLUE-ORANGE THAT'S ALL THE BRIGHT I GO
PAPF
TIME IS A FOOL WITH A BANJO!
SMAP
IF LIVING WITH OBSESSION IS A SIN, LET ME BE GUILTY
SPLAK

DON'T FUCK WITH...

BIG BITCH

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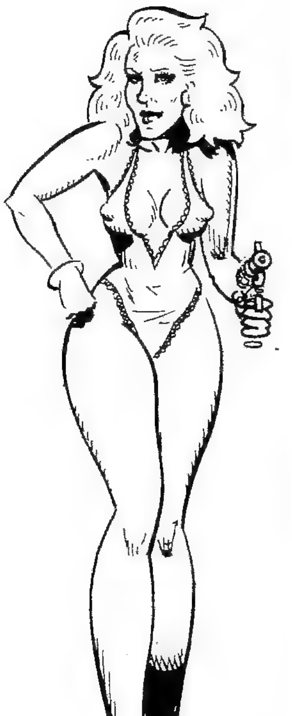
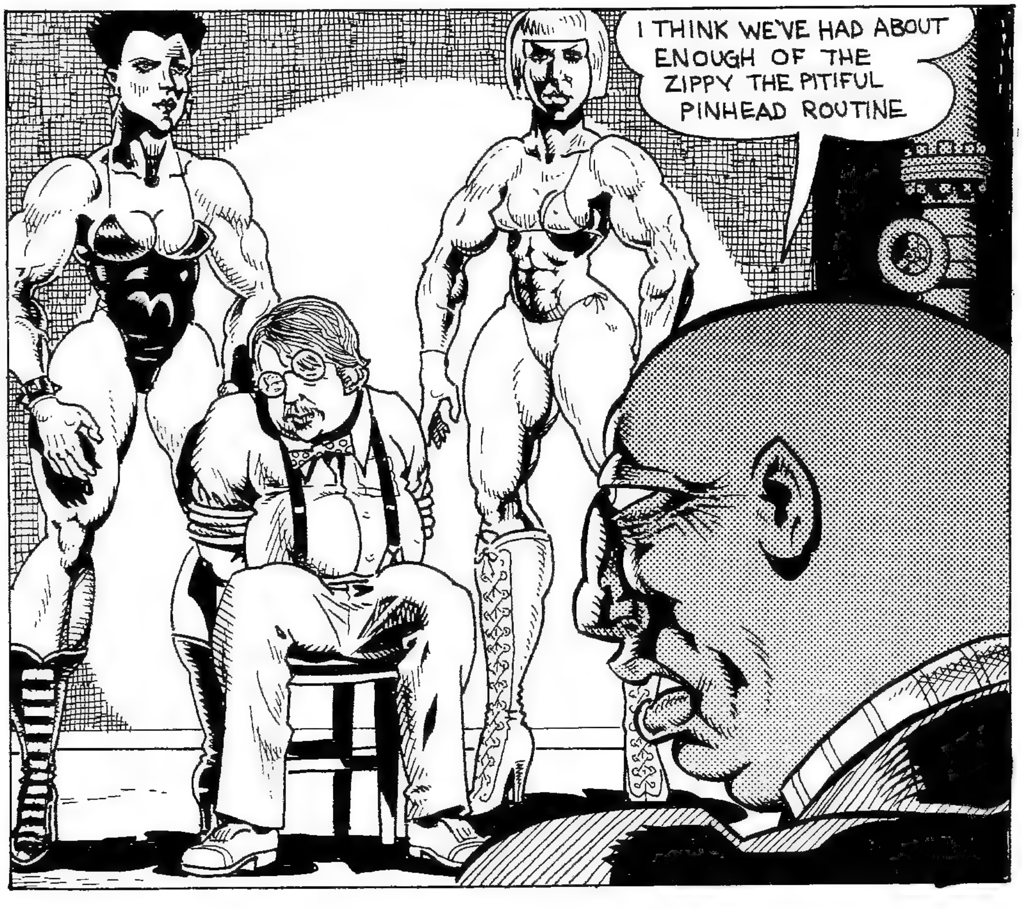
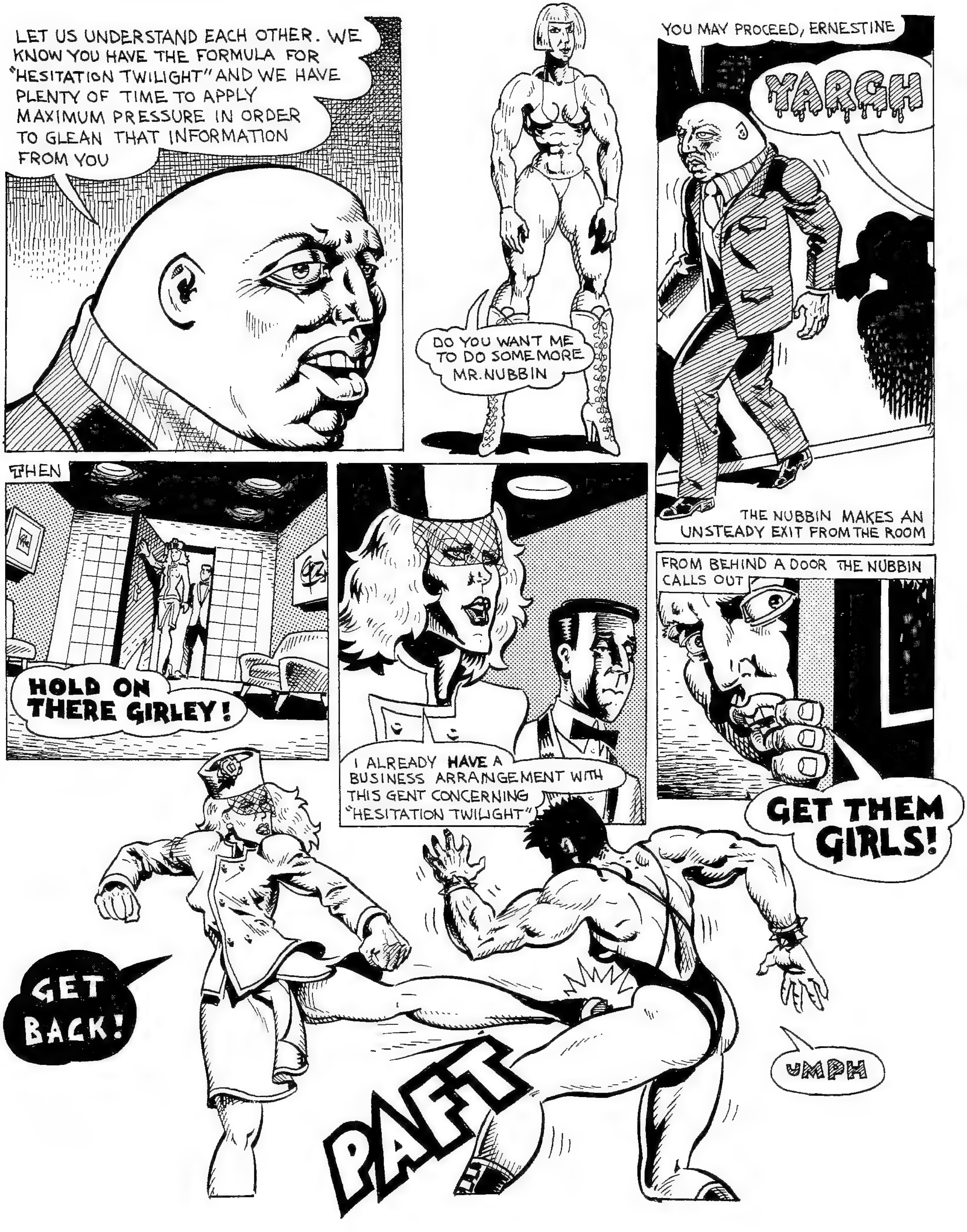
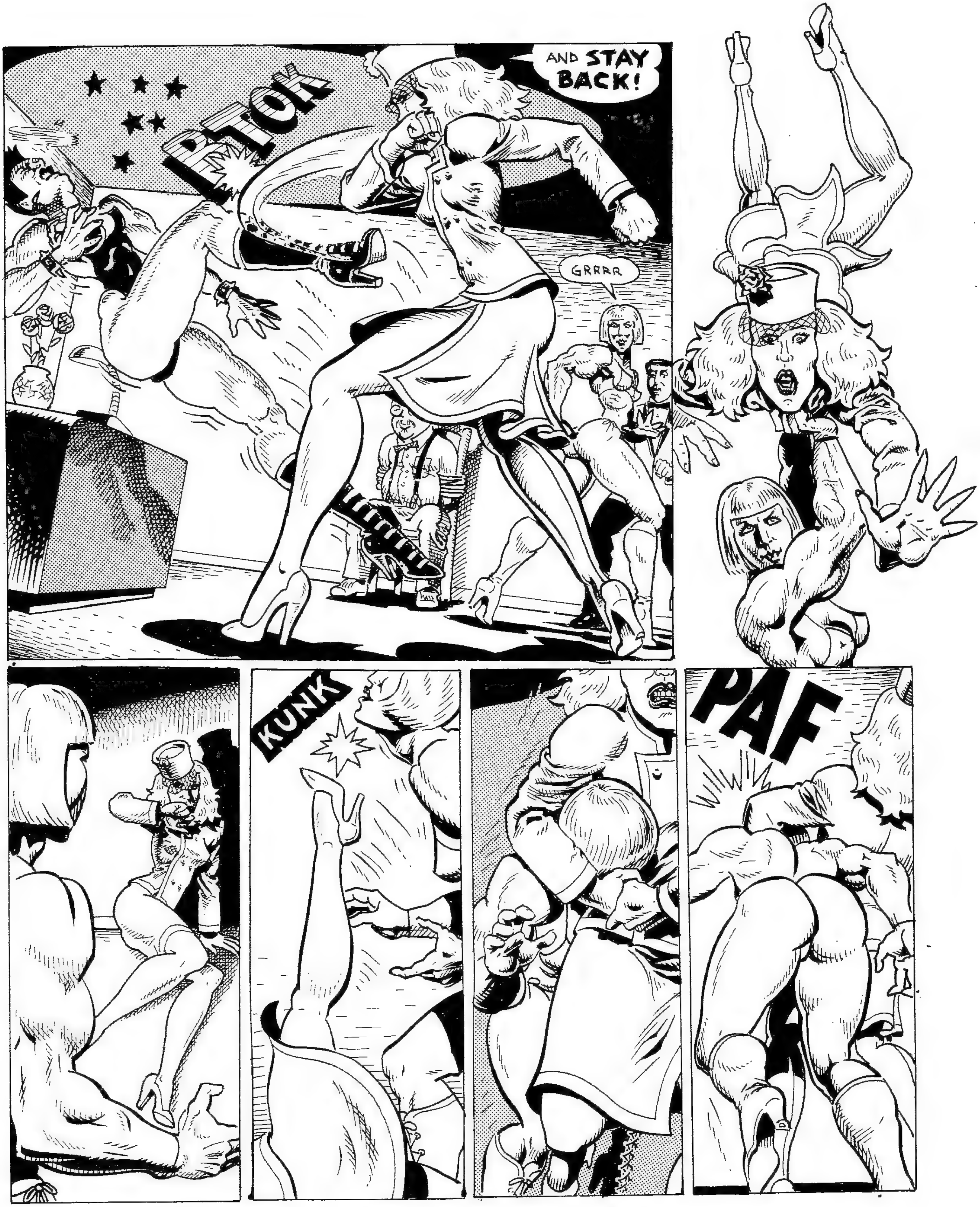
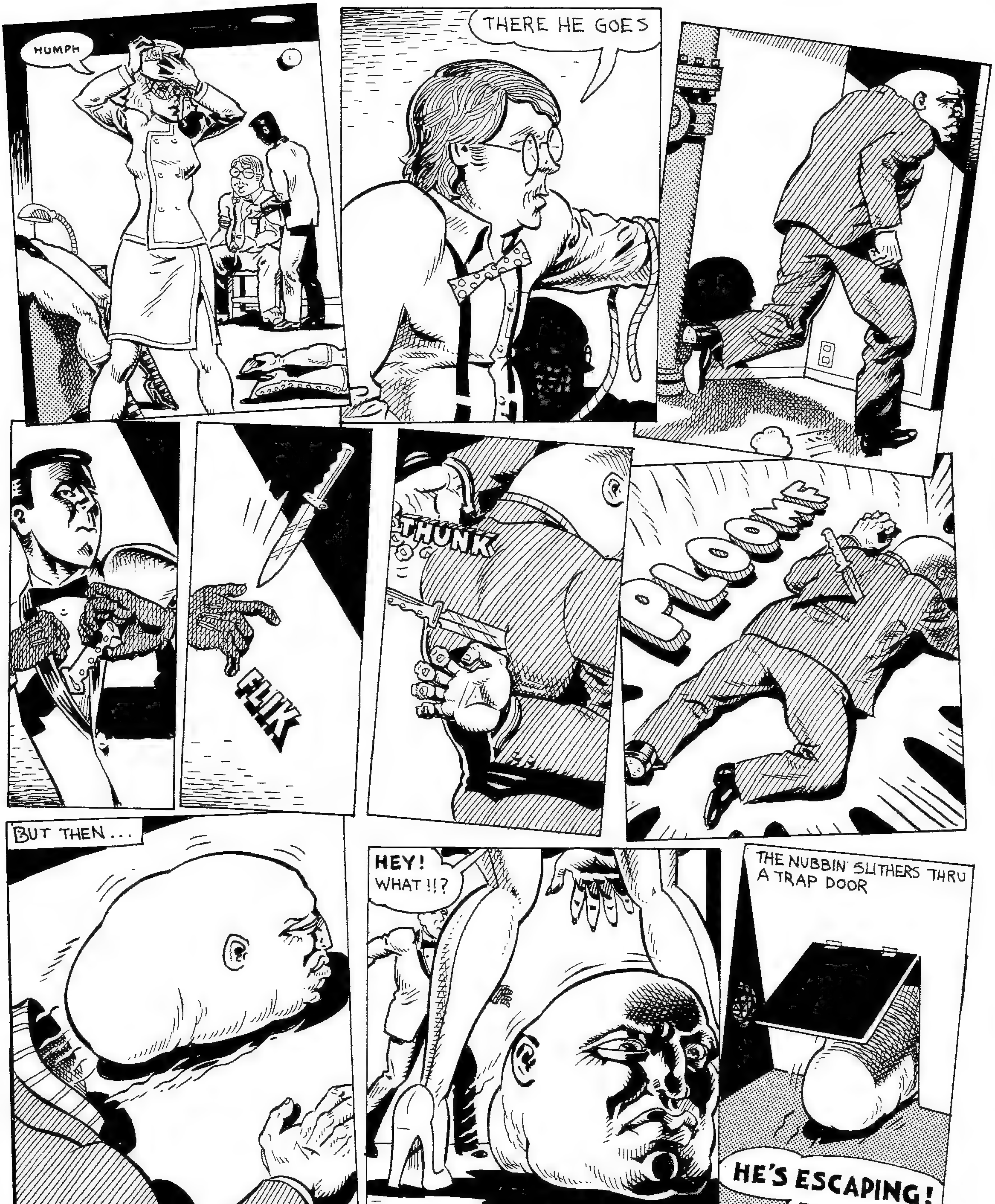
WRITTEN BY ALGERNON BACKWASH DRAWN BY SPAIN

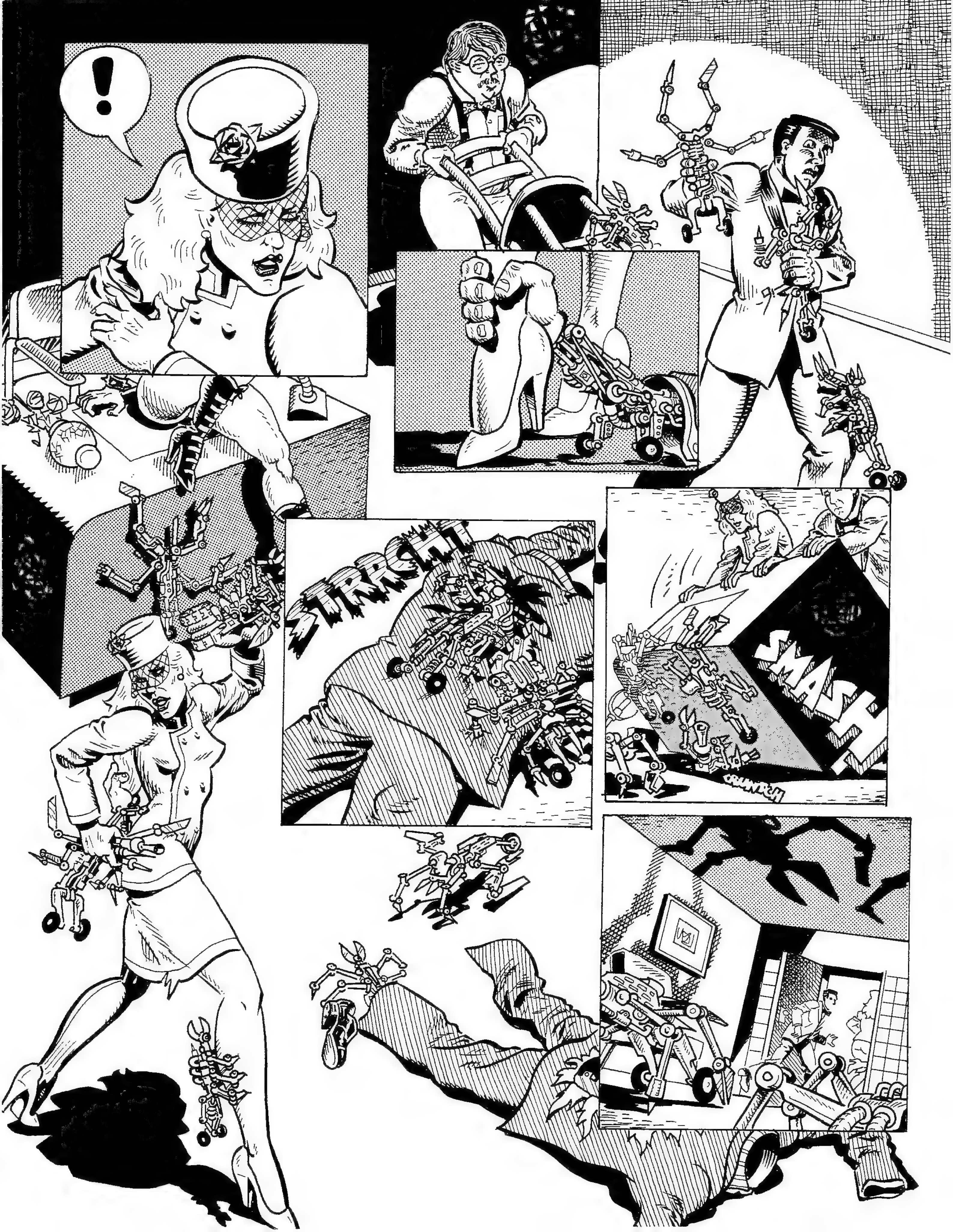


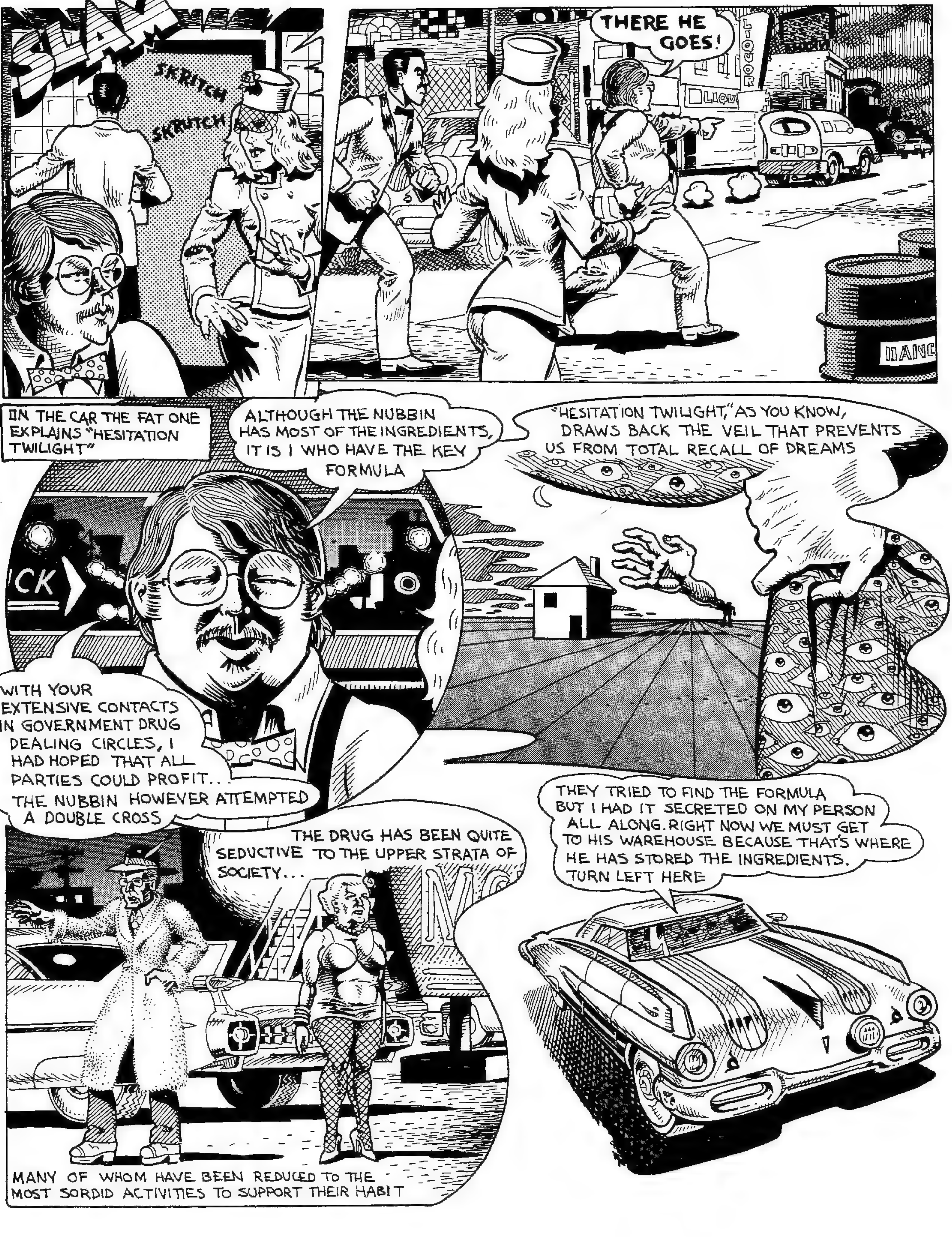

I THINK WE'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THE ZIPPY THE PITIFUL PINHEAD ROUTINE

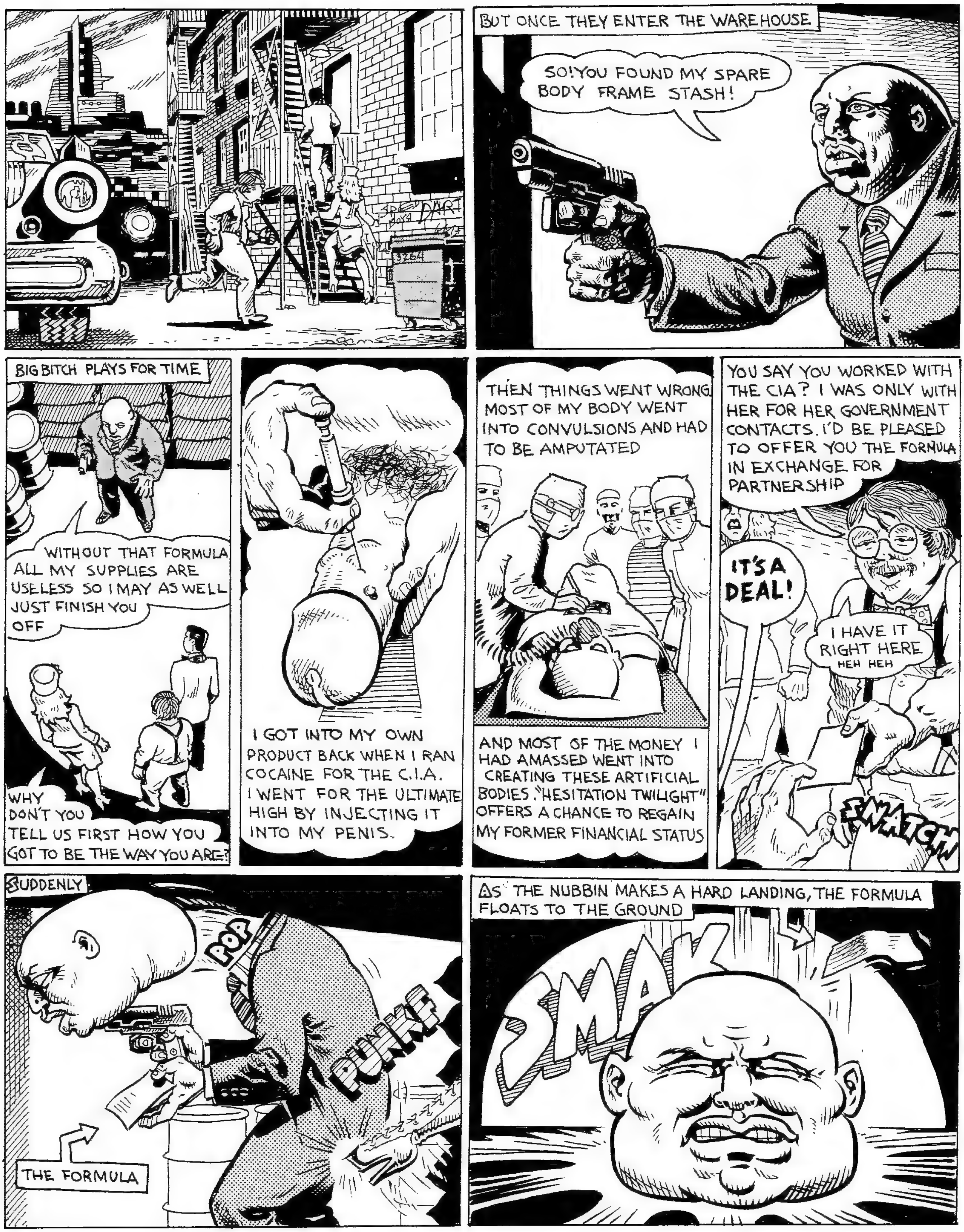

LET US UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. WE KNOW YOU HAVE THE FORMULA FOR "HESITATION TWILIGHT" AND WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO APPLY MAXIMUM PRESSURE IN ORDER TO GLEAN THAT INFORMATION FROM YOU
DO YOU WANT ME TO DO SOMEMORE MR. NUBBIN
YOU MAY PROCEED, ERNESTINE
YARGH
THE NUBBIN MAKES AN UNSTEADY EXIT FROM THE ROOM
THEN
HOLD ON THERE GIRLEY!
I ALREADY HAVE A BUSINESS ARRAINGEMENT WITH THIS GENT CONCERNING "HESITATION TWILIGHT"
FROM BEHIND A DOOR THE NUBBIN CALLS OUT
GET THEM GIRLS!
GET BACK!
PAFT
UMPH

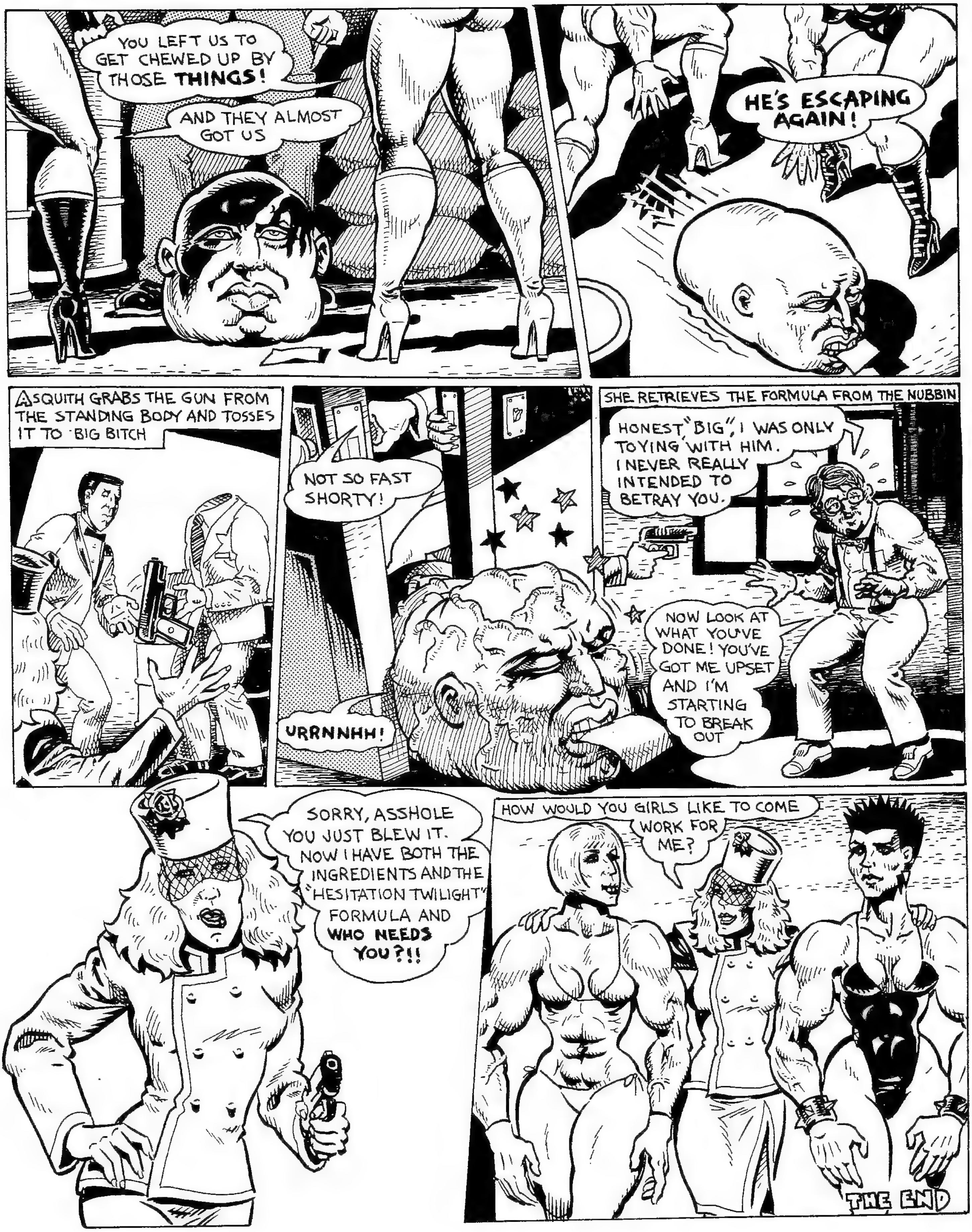

PTOK
AND STAY BACK!
GRRRR
KUNK
PAF

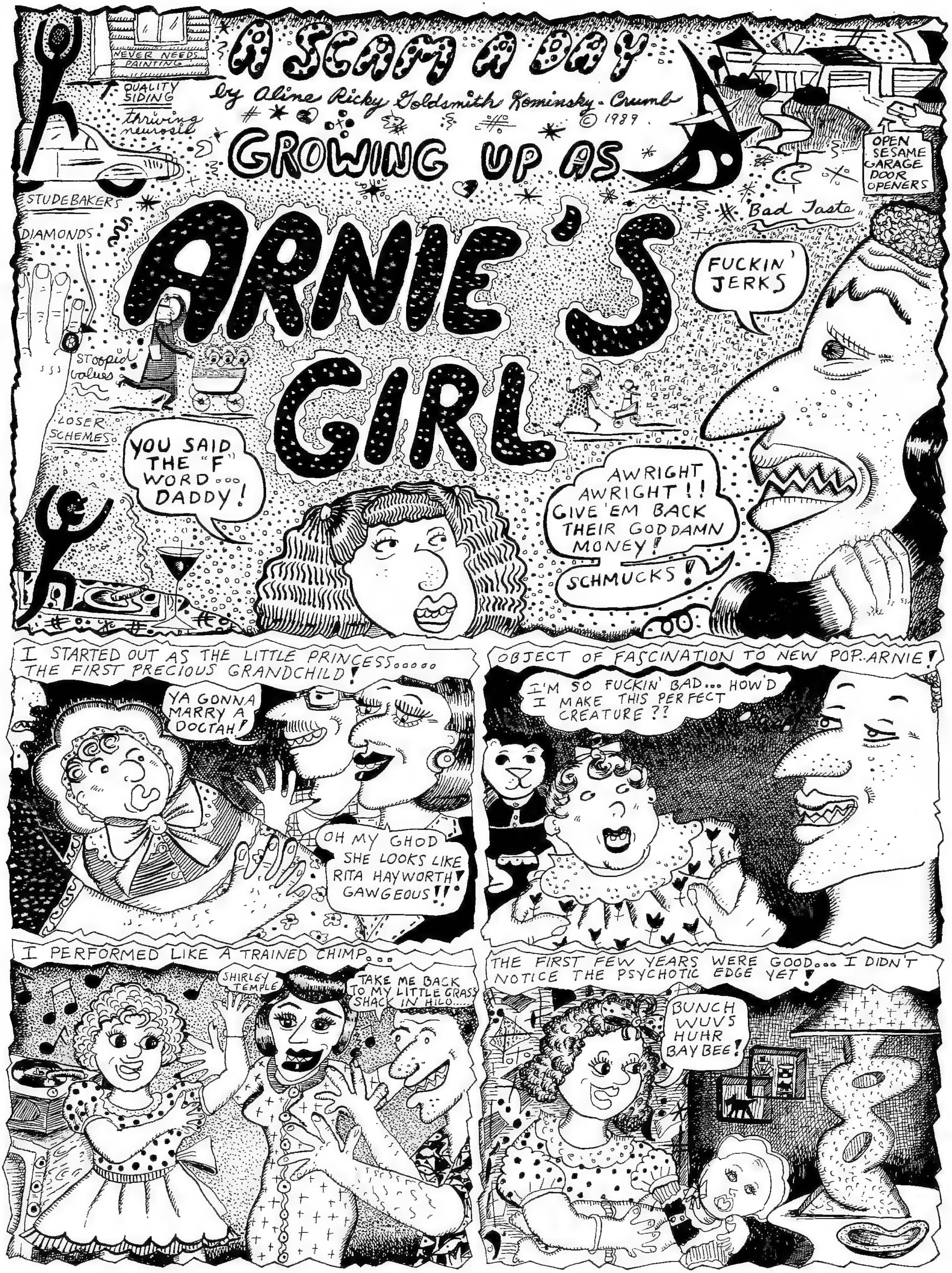

HUMPH
THERE HE GOES
FLIK
THUNK
PLOOMF
BUT THEN...
HEY! WHAT!!?
THE NUBBIN' SLITHERS THRU A TRAP DOOR
HE'S ESCAPING!

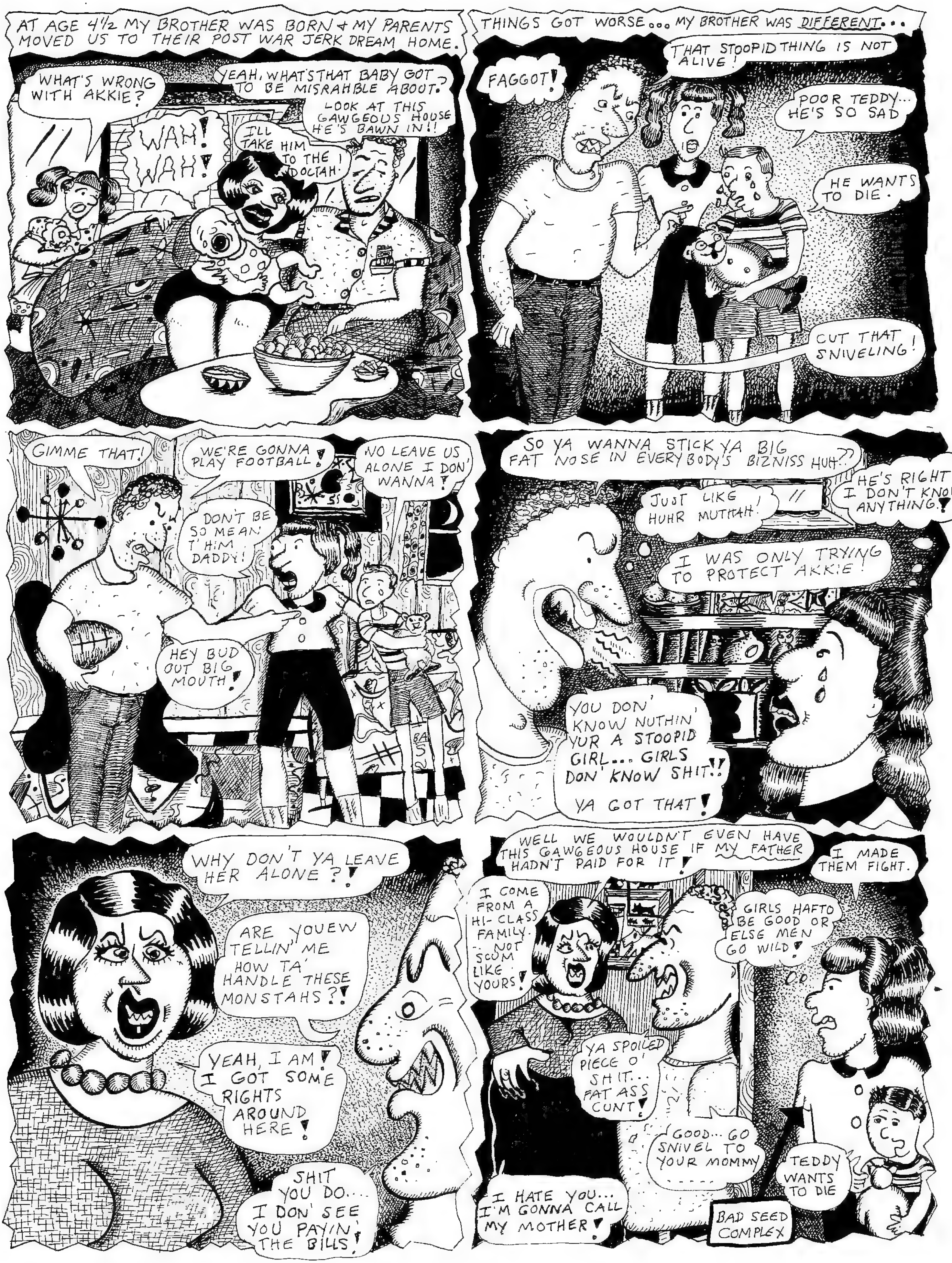

!
STRRCH!
SMASH
CRUNCH

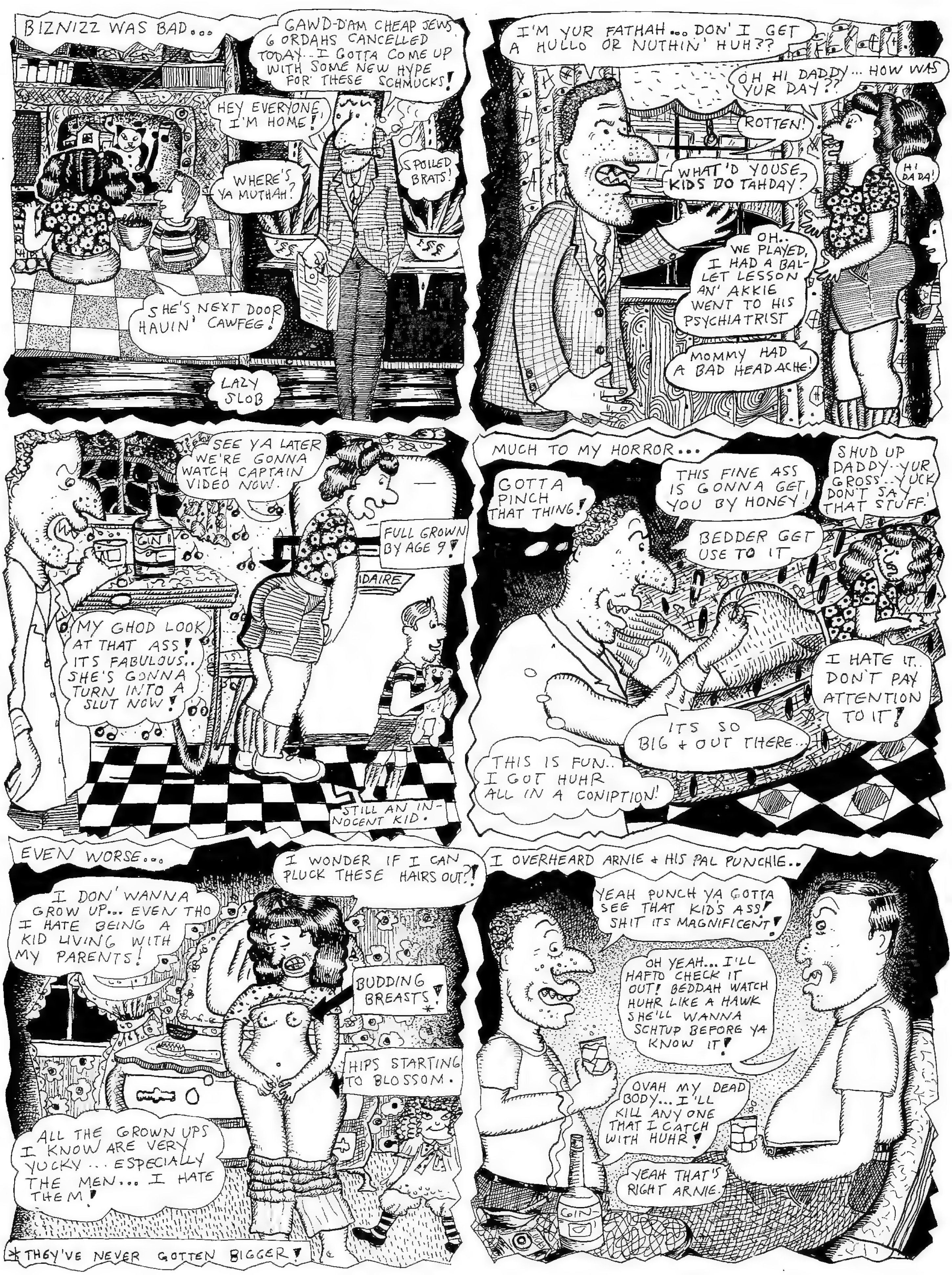

SLAM
SKRITCH
SKRUTCH
THERE HE GOES!
LIQUOR
LIQU
IN THE CAR THE FAT ONE EXPLAINS "HESITATION TWILIGHT"
ALTHOUGH THE NUBBIN HAS MOST OF THE INGREDIENTS, IT IS I WHO HAVE THE KEY FORMULA
"HESITATION TWILIGHT," AS YOU KNOW, DRAWS BACK THE VEIL THAT PREVENTS US FROM TOTAL RECALL OF DREAMS
CK
WITH YOUR EXTENSIVE CONTACTS IN GOVERNMENT DRUG DEALING CIRCLES, I HAD HOPED THAT ALL PARTIES COULD PROFIT... THE NUBBIN HOWEVER ATTEMPTED A DOUBLE CROSS
THE DRUG HAS BEEN QUITE SEDUCTIVE TO THE UPPER STRATA OF SOCIETY...
MANY OF WHOM HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO THE MOST SORDID ACTIVITIES TO SUPPORT THEIR HABIT
THEY TRIED TO FIND THE FORMULA BUT I HAD IT SECRETED ON MY PERSON ALL ALONG. RIGHT NOW WE MUST GET TO HIS WAREHOUSE BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE HE HAS STORED THE INGREDIENTS. TURN LEFT HERE

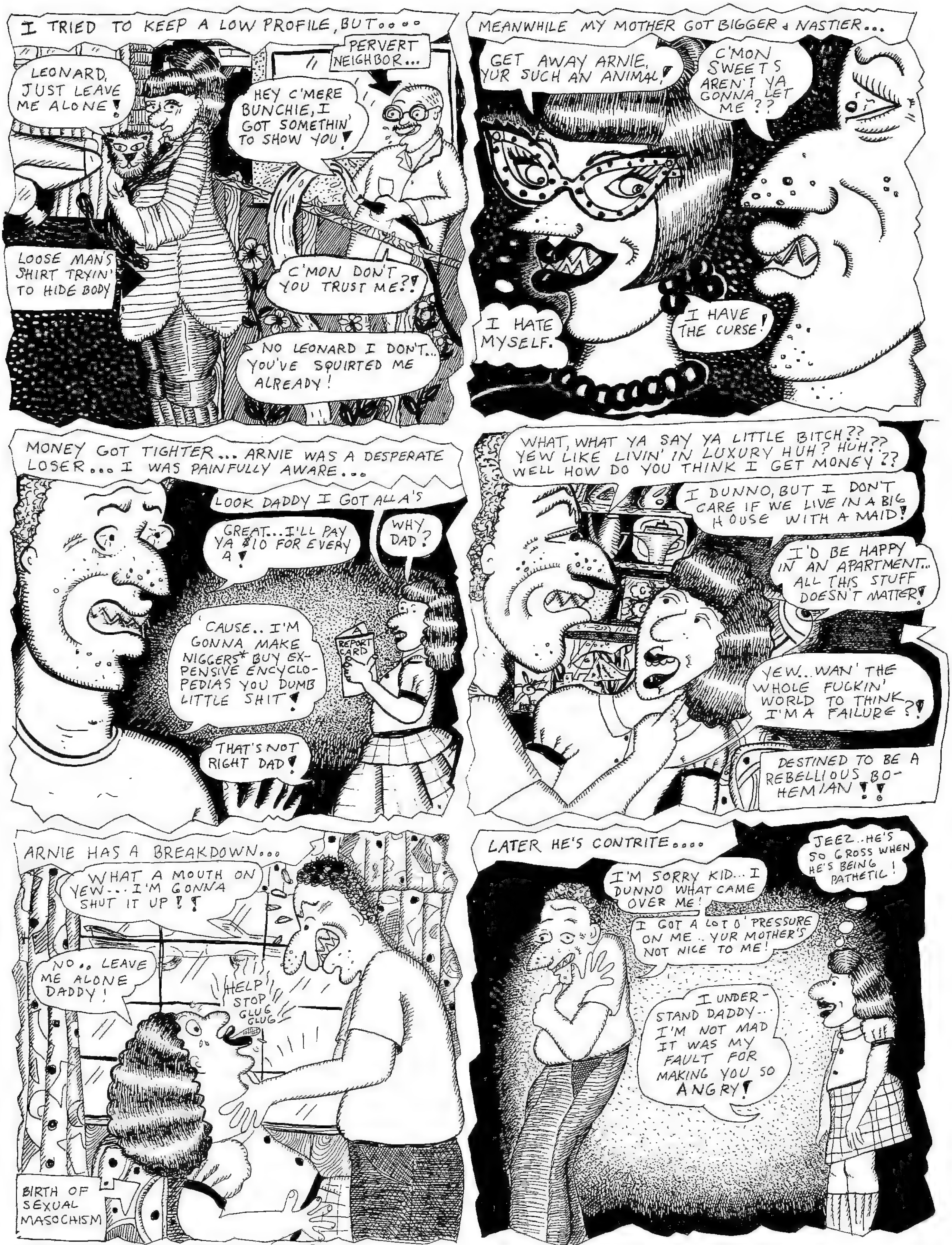

3264
BUT ONCE THEY ENTER THE WAREHOUSE
SO! YOU FOUND MY SPARE BODY FRAME STASH!
BIG BITCH PLAYS FOR TIME
WITHOUT THAT FORMULA ALL MY SUPPLIES ARE USELESS SO I MAY AS WELL JUST FINISH YOU OFF
WHY DON'T YOU TELL US FIRST HOW YOU GOT TO BE THE WAY YOU ARE?
I GOT INTO MY OWN PRODUCT BACK WHEN I RAN COCAINE FOR THE C.I.A. I WENT FOR THE ULTIMATE HIGH BY INJECTING IT INTO MY PENIS.
THEN THINGS WENT WRONG MOST OF MY BODY WENT INTO CONVULSIONS AND HAD TO BE AMPUTATED
AND MOST OF THE MONEY I HAD AMASSED WENT INTO CREATING THESE ARTIFICIAL BODIES. "HESITATION TWILIGHT" OFFERS A CHANCE TO REGAIN MY FORMER FINANCIAL STATUS
YOU SAY YOU WORKED WITH THE CIA? I WAS ONLY WITH HER FOR HER GOVERNMENT CONTACTS. I'D BE PLEASED TO OFFER YOU THE FORMULA IN EXCHANGE FOR PARTNERSHIP
IT'S A DEAL!
I HAVE IT RIGHT HERE HEH HEH
SNATCH
SUDDENLY
POP
PUNKF
THE FORMULA
AS THE NUBBIN MAKES A HARD LANDING, THE FORMULA FLOATS TO THE GROUND
SMAK


YOU LEFT US TO GET CHEWED UP BY THOSE **THINGS!**
AND THEY ALMOST GOT US
HE'S ESCAPING AGAIN!
ASQUITH GRABS THE GUN FROM THE STANDING BODY AND TOSSES IT TO BIG BITCH
NOT SO FAST SHORTY!
URRNNHH!
SHE RETRIEVES THE FORMULA FROM THE NUBBIN
HONEST "BIG", I WAS ONLY TOYING WITH HIM. I NEVER REALLY INTENDED TO BETRAY YOU.
NOW LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU'VE GOT ME UPSET AND I'M STARTING TO BREAK OUT
SORRY, ASSHOLE YOU JUST BLEW IT. NOW I HAVE BOTH THE INGREDIENTS AND THE "HESITATION TWILIGHT" FORMULA AND **WHO NEEDS YOU?!!**
HOW WOULD YOU GIRLS LIKE TO COME WORK FOR ME?
THE END

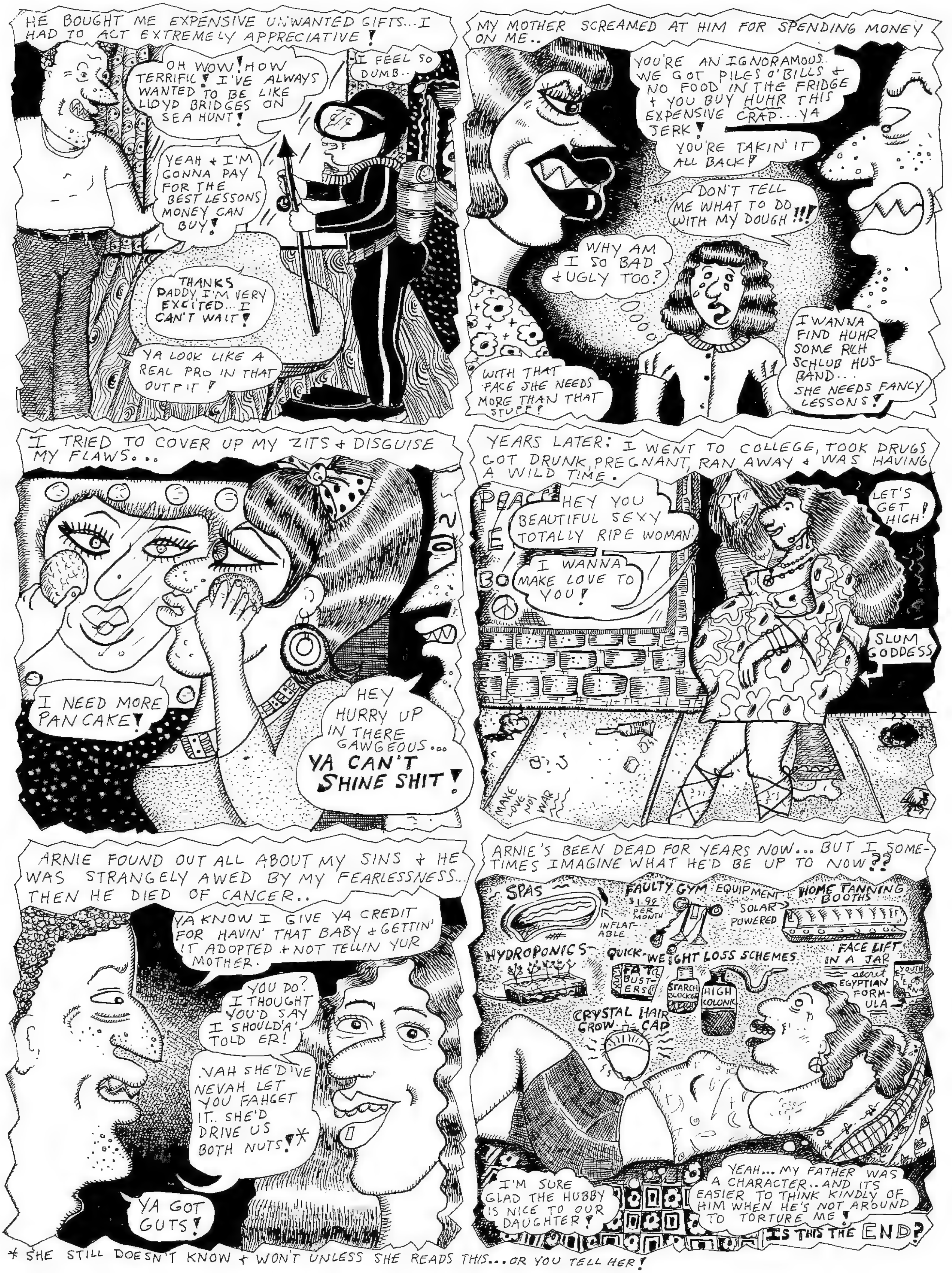

NEVER NEEDS PAINTING
QUALITY SIDING
thriving neurosis
A SCAM A DAY
by Aline Ricky Goldsmith Kominsky-Crumb © 1989
GROWING UP AS
OPEN SESAME GARAGE DOOR OPENERS
STUDEBAKERS
Bad Taste
DIAMONDS
ARNIE'S GIRL
FUCKIN' JERKS
Stoopid values
LOSER SCHEMES
YOU SAID THE "F" WORD... DADDY!
AWRIGHT AWRIGHT!! GIVE 'EM BACK THEIR GODDAMN MONEY! SCHMUCKS!
I STARTED OUT AS THE LITTLE PRINCESS..... THE FIRST PRECIOUS GRANDCHILD!
YA GONNA MARRY A DOCTAH!
OH MY GHOD SHE LOOKS LIKE RITA HAYWORTH! GAWGEOUS!!
OBJECT OF FASCINATION TO NEW POP. ARNIE!
I'M SO FUCKIN' BAD... HOW'D I MAKE THIS PERFECT CREATURE??
I PERFORMED LIKE A TRAINED CHIMP...
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
TAKE ME BACK TO MY LITTLE GRASS SHACK IN HILO....
THE FIRST FEW YEARS WERE GOOD... I DIDN'T NOTICE THE PSYCHOTIC EDGE YET!
BUNCH WUVS HUHR BAYBEE!


AT AGE 4½ MY BROTHER WAS BORN & MY PARENTS MOVED US TO THEIR POST WAR JERK DREAM HOME.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH AKKIE?
YEAH, WHAT'S THAT BABY GOT TO BE MISRAHBLE ABOUT?
LOOK AT THIS GAWGEOUS HOUSE HE'S BAWN IN!!
WAH! WAH!
I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE DOCTAH.
THINGS GOT WORSE... MY BROTHER WAS DIFFERENT...
FAGGOT!
THAT STOOPID THING IS NOT ALIVE!
POOR TEDDY... HE'S SO SAD
HE WANTS TO DIE.
CUT THAT SNIVELING!
GIMME THAT!
WE'RE GONNA PLAY FOOTBALL!
NO LEAVE US ALONE I DON' WANNA!
DON'T BE SO MEAN T' HIM DADDY!
HEY BUD OUT BIG MOUTH!
SO YA WANNA STICK YA BIG FAT NOSE IN EVERYBODY'S BIZNISS HUH??
JUST LIKE HUHR MUTHAH!
HE'S RIGHT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.
I WAS ONLY TRYING TO PROTECT AKKIE!
YOU DON' KNOW NUTHIN' YUR A STOOPID GIRL... GIRLS DON' KNOW SHIT!! YA GOT THAT!
WHY DON'T YA LEAVE HER ALONE?!
ARE YOUEW TELLIN' ME HOW TA' HANDLE THESE MONSTAHS?!
YEAH, I AM! I GOT SOME RIGHTS AROUND HERE!
SHIT YOU DO... I DON' SEE YOU PAYIN' THE BILLS!
WELL WE WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE THIS GAWGEOUS HOUSE IF MY FATHER HADN'T PAID FOR IT!
I MADE THEM FIGHT.
I COME FROM A HI-CLASS FAMILY... NOT SCUM LIKE YOURS!
GIRLS HAFTO BE GOOD OR ELSE MEN GO WILD!
YA SPOILED PIECE O' SHIT... FAT ASS CUNT!
GOOD... GO SNIVEL TO YOUR MOMMY.....
TEDDY WANTS TO DIE
I HATE YOU... I'M GONNA CALL MY MOTHER!
BAD SEED COMPLEX

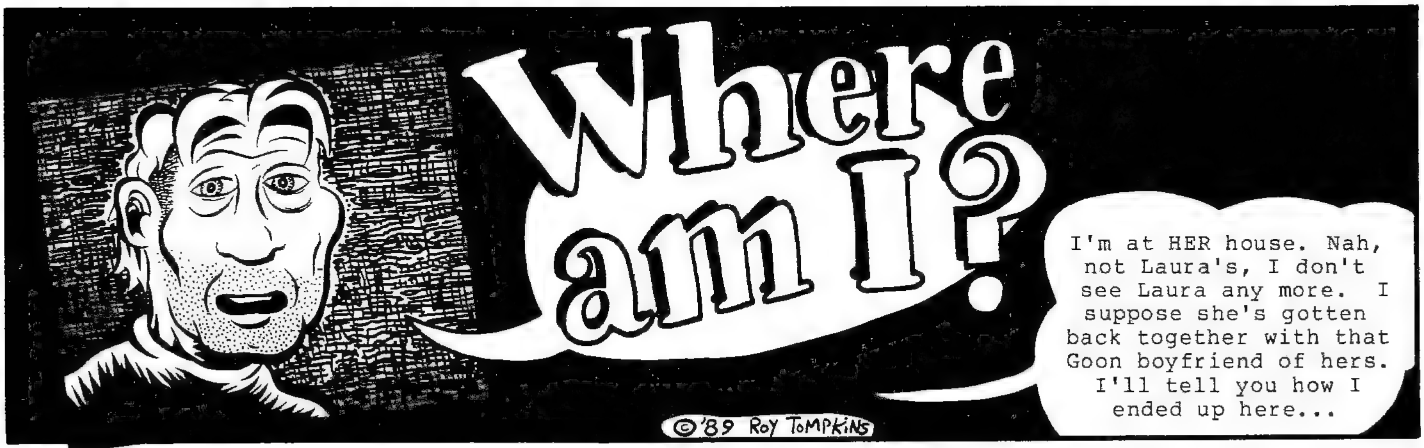

BIZNIZZ WAS BAD...
GAWD-DAM CHEAP JEWS 6 ORDAHS CANCELLED TODAY.. I GOTTA COME UP WITH SOME NEW HYPE FOR THESE SCHMUCKS!
HEY EVERYONE I'M HOME!
SPOILED BRATS!
WHERE'S YA MUTHAH?
SHE'S NEXT DOOR HAVIN' CAWFEE!
LAZY SLOB
I'M YUR FATHAH... DON' I GET A HULLO OR NUTHIN' HUH??
OH HI DADDY... HOW WAS YUR DAY??
ROTTEN!
WHAT'D YOUSE KIDS DO TAHDAY?
HI DADA!
OH.. WE PLAYED, I HAD A BALLET LESSON AN' AKKIE WENT TO HIS PSYCHIATRIST
MOMMY HAD A BAD HEADACHE!
SEE YA LATER WE'RE GONNA WATCH CAPTAIN VIDEO NOW.
GIN
FULL GROWN BY AGE 9!
IDAIRE
MY GHOD LOOK AT THAT ASS! ITS FABULOUS.. SHE'S GONNA TURN INTO A SLUT NOW!
STILL AN INNOCENT KID.
MUCH TO MY HORROR...
GOTTA PINCH THAT THING!
THIS FINE ASS IS GONNA GET YOU BY HONEY!
SHUD UP DADDY.. YUR GROSS.. YUCK DON'T SAY THAT STUFF!
BEDDER GET USE TO IT
I HATE IT. DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO IT!
ITS SO BIG + OUT THERE..
THIS IS FUN.. I GOT HUHR ALL IN A CONIPTION!
EVEN WORSE...
I WONDER IF I CAN PLUCK THESE HAIRS OUT?!
I DON' WANNA GROW UP... EVEN THO I HATE BEING A KID LIVING WITH MY PARENTS!
BUDDING BREASTS!*
HIPS STARTING TO BLOSSOM.
ALL THE GROWN UPS I KNOW ARE VERY YUCKY... ESPECIALLY THE MEN... I HATE THEM!
*THEY'VE NEVER GOTTEN BIGGER!
I OVERHEARD ARNIE + HIS PAL PUNCHIE..
YEAH PUNCH YA GOTTA SEE THAT KID'S ASS! SHIT ITS MAGNIFICENT!
OH YEAH... I'LL HAFTO CHECK IT OUT! BEDDAH WATCH HUHR LIKE A HAWK SHE'LL WANNA SCHTUP BEFORE YA KNOW IT!
OVAH MY DEAD BODY... I'LL KILL ANY ONE THAT I CATCH WITH HUHR!
YEAH THAT'S RIGHT ARNIE.
GIN


I TRIED TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE, BUT.....
LEONARD, JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!
PERVERT NEIGHBOR...
HEY C'MERE BUNCHIE, I GOT SOMETHIN' TO SHOW YOU!
LOOSE MAN'S SHIRT TRYIN' TO HIDE BODY
C'MON DON'T YOU TRUST ME?!
NO LEONARD I DON'T.. YOU'VE SQUIRTED ME ALREADY!
MEANWHILE MY MOTHER GOT BIGGER & NASTIER...
GET AWAY ARNIE, YUR SUCH AN ANIMAL!
C'MON SWEETS AREN'T YA GONNA LET ME??
I HATE MYSELF.
I HAVE THE CURSE!
MONEY GOT TIGHTER... ARNIE WAS A DESPERATE LOSER... I WAS PAINFULLY AWARE...
LOOK DADDY I GOT ALL A'S
GREAT...I'LL PAY YA $10 FOR EVERY A!
WHY DAD?
'CAUSE.. I'M GONNA MAKE NIGGERS* BUY EXPENSIVE ENCYCLOPEDIAS YOU DUMB LITTLE SHIT!
REPORT CARD
THAT'S NOT RIGHT DAD!
WHAT, WHAT YA SAY YA LITTLE BITCH?? YEW LIKE LIVIN' IN LUXURY HUH? HUH?? WELL HOW DO YOU THINK I GET MONEY??
I DUNNO, BUT I DON'T CARE IF WE LIVE IN A BIG HOUSE WITH A MAID!
I'D BE HAPPY IN AN APARTMENT... ALL THIS STUFF DOESN'T MATTER!
YEW.. WAN' THE WHOLE FUCKIN' WORLD TO THINK I'M A FAILURE?!
DESTINED TO BE A REBELLIOUS BOHEMIAN!!
ARNIE HAS A BREAKDOWN...
WHAT A MOUTH ON YEW... I'M GONNA SHUT IT UP!!
NO.. LEAVE ME ALONE DADDY!
HELP STOP GLUG GLUG
BIRTH OF SEXUAL MASOCHISM
LATER HE'S CONTRITE....
I'M SORRY KID... I DUNNO WHAT CAME OVER ME!
I GOT A LOT O' PRESSURE ON ME.. YUR MOTHER'S NOT NICE TO ME!
JEEZ..HE'S SO GROSS WHEN HE'S BEING PATHETIC!
I UNDERSTAND DADDY.. I'M NOT MAD IT WAS MY FAULT FOR MAKING YOU SO ANGRY!

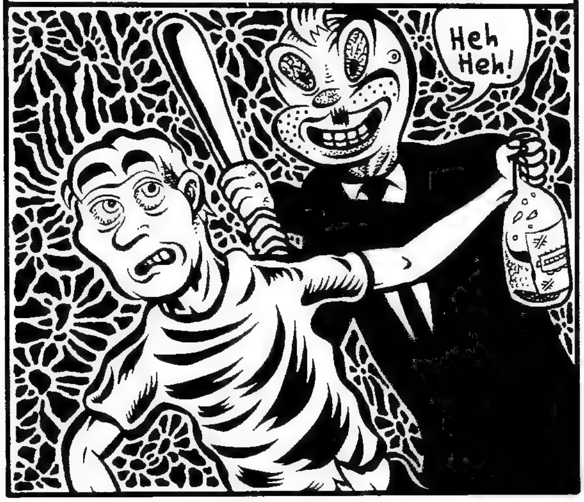
* SORRY..HE USED HORRIBLE WORDS!


HE BOUGHT ME EXPENSIVE UNWANTED GIFTS... I HAD TO ACT EXTREMELY APPRECIATIVE!
OH WOW! HOW TERRIFIC! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE LIKE LLOYD BRIDGES ON SEA HUNT!
I FEEL SO DUMB...
YEAH & I'M GONNA PAY FOR THE BEST LESSONS MONEY CAN BUY!
THANKS DADDY I'M VERY EXCITED... I CAN'T WAIT!
YA LOOK LIKE A REAL PRO IN THAT OUTFIT!
MY MOTHER SCREAMED AT HIM FOR SPENDING MONEY ON ME..
YOU'RE AN IGNORAMOUS.. WE GOT PILES O' BILLS & NO FOOD IN THE FRIDGE & YOU BUY HUHR THIS EXPENSIVE CRAP... YA JERK!
YOU'RE TAKIN' IT ALL BACK!
DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO WITH MY DOUGH!!!
WHY AM I SO BAD & UGLY TOO?
WITH THAT FACE SHE NEEDS MORE THAN THAT STUFF!
I WANNA FIND HUHR SOME RICH SCHLUB HUSBAND... SHE NEEDS FANCY LESSONS!
I TRIED TO COVER UP MY ZITS & DISGUISE MY FLAWS...
I NEED MORE PANCAKE!
HEY HURRY UP IN THERE GAWGEOUS... YA CAN'T SHINE SHIT!
YEARS LATER: I WENT TO COLLEGE, TOOK DRUGS GOT DRUNK, PREGNANT, RAN AWAY & WAS HAVING A WILD TIME.
PEACE
HEY YOU BEAUTIFUL SEXY TOTALLY RIPE WOMAN
I WANNA MAKE LOVE TO YOU!
LET'S GET HIGH!
SLUM GODDESS
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
ARNIE FOUND OUT ALL ABOUT MY SINS & HE WAS STRANGELY AWED BY MY FEARLESSNESS... THEN HE DIED OF CANCER..
YA KNOW I GIVE YA CREDIT FOR HAVIN' THAT BABY & GETTIN' IT ADOPTED & NOT TELLIN YUR MOTHER.
YOU DO? I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY I SHOULD'A TOLD ER!
YAH SHE'D'VE NEVAH LET YOU FAHGET IT.. SHE'D DRIVE US BOTH NUTS!*
YA GOT GUTS!
ARNIE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS NOW... BUT I SOMETIMES IMAGINE WHAT HE'D BE UP TO NOW??
SPAS
INFLATABLE
FAULTY GYM EQUIPMENT
$1.99 PER MONTH
SOLAR POWERED
HOME TANNING BOOTHS
HYDROPONICS
QUICK-WEIGHT LOSS SCHEMES
FAT BUSTERS
STARCH BLOCKER
HIGH COLONIC
FACE LIFT IN A JAR
secret EGYPTIAN FORMULA
YOUTH ETERNA
CRYSTAL HAIR GROW CAP
I'M SURE GLAD THE HUBBY IS NICE TO OUR DAUGHTER!
YEAH... MY FATHER WAS A CHARACTER.. AND ITS EASIER TO THINK KINDLY OF HIM WHEN HE'S NOT AROUND TO TORTURE ME!
IS THIS THE END?

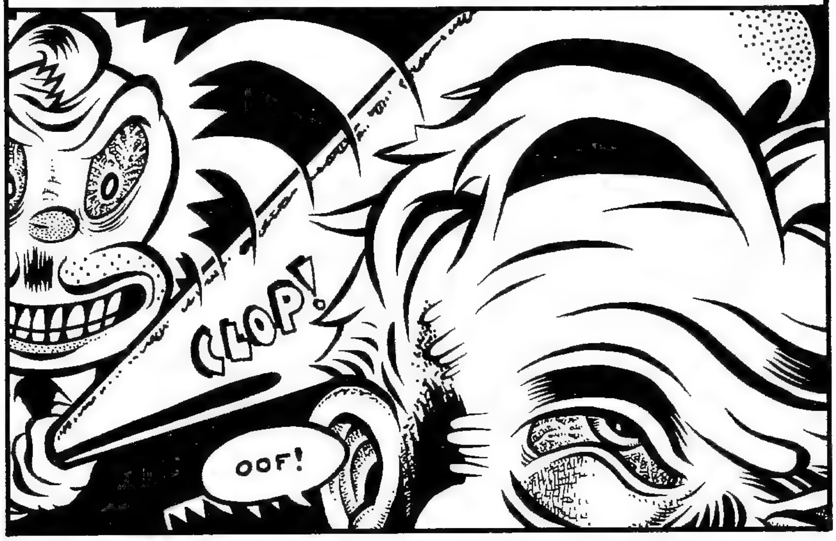
* SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW & WON'T UNLESS SHE READS THIS... OR YOU TELL HER!


Where am I?
I'm at HER house. Nah, not Laura's, I don't see Laura any more. I suppose she's gotten back together with that Goon boyfriend of hers. I'll tell you how I ended up here...
©'89 Roy Tompkins

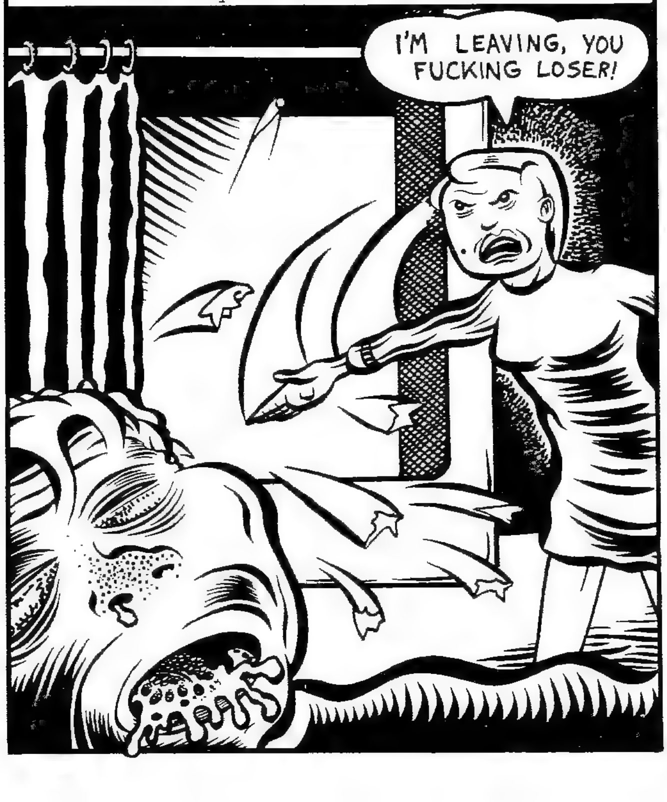
When I get drunk this fucking bastard I call Mr. Pound comes and picks on me. I guess he's an hallucination, but sometimes I wonder about that.



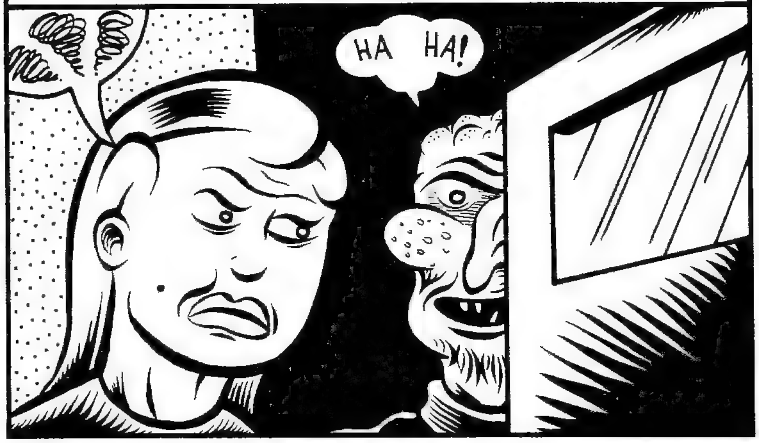
I call him Mr. Pound because he's always got something to pound on my head with 'til I get sick and pass out.



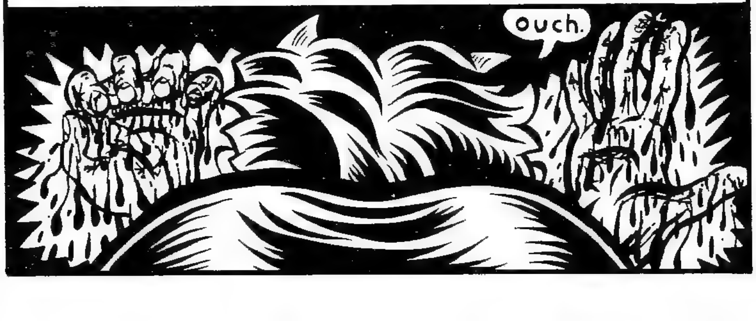
So Mr. Pound was letting me have it and I was upchucking all over the bathroom, vomiting up vodka and beer. Laura busted the liquor bottle in the tub.

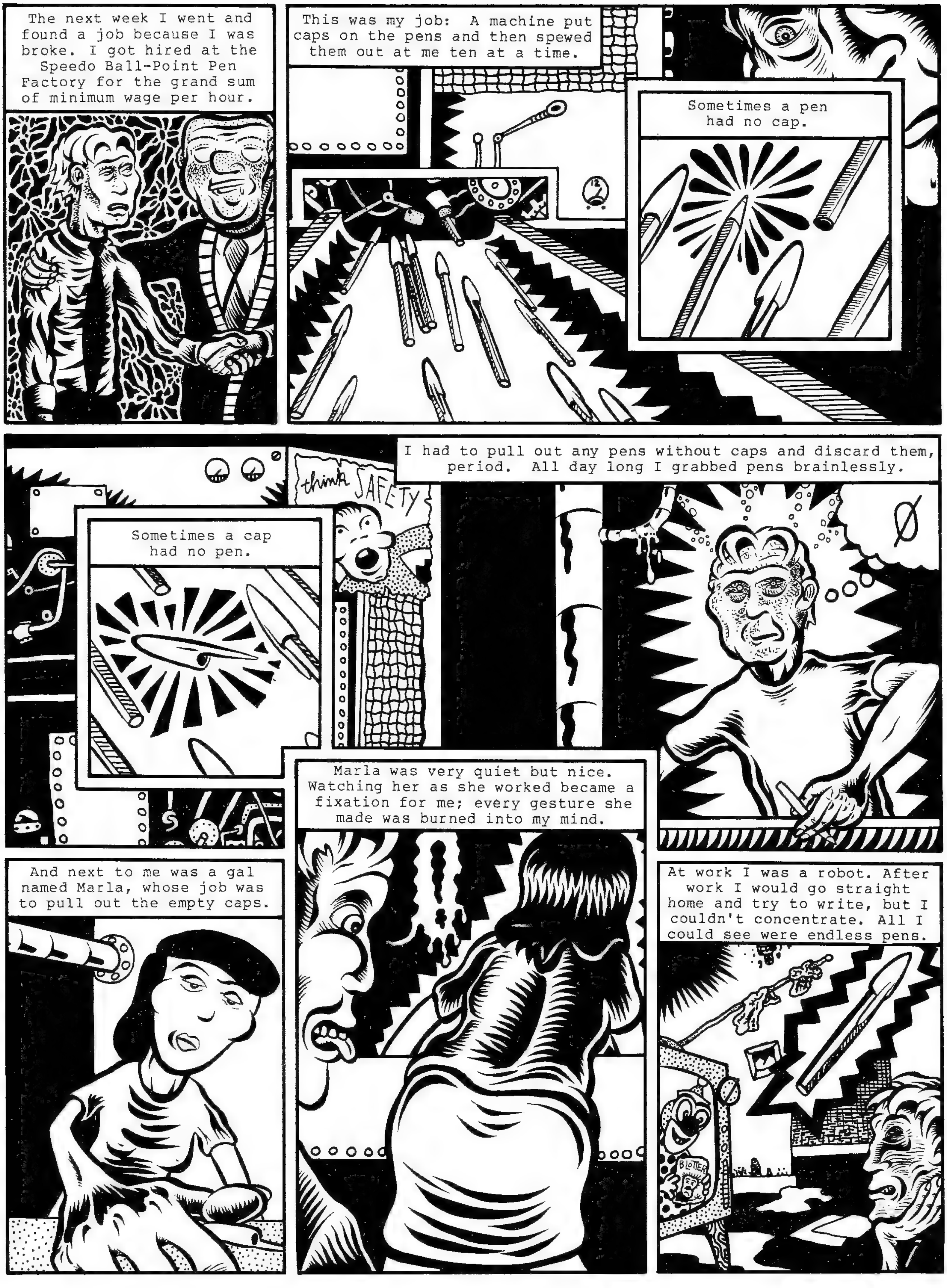

I'M LEAVING, YOU FUCKING LOSER!

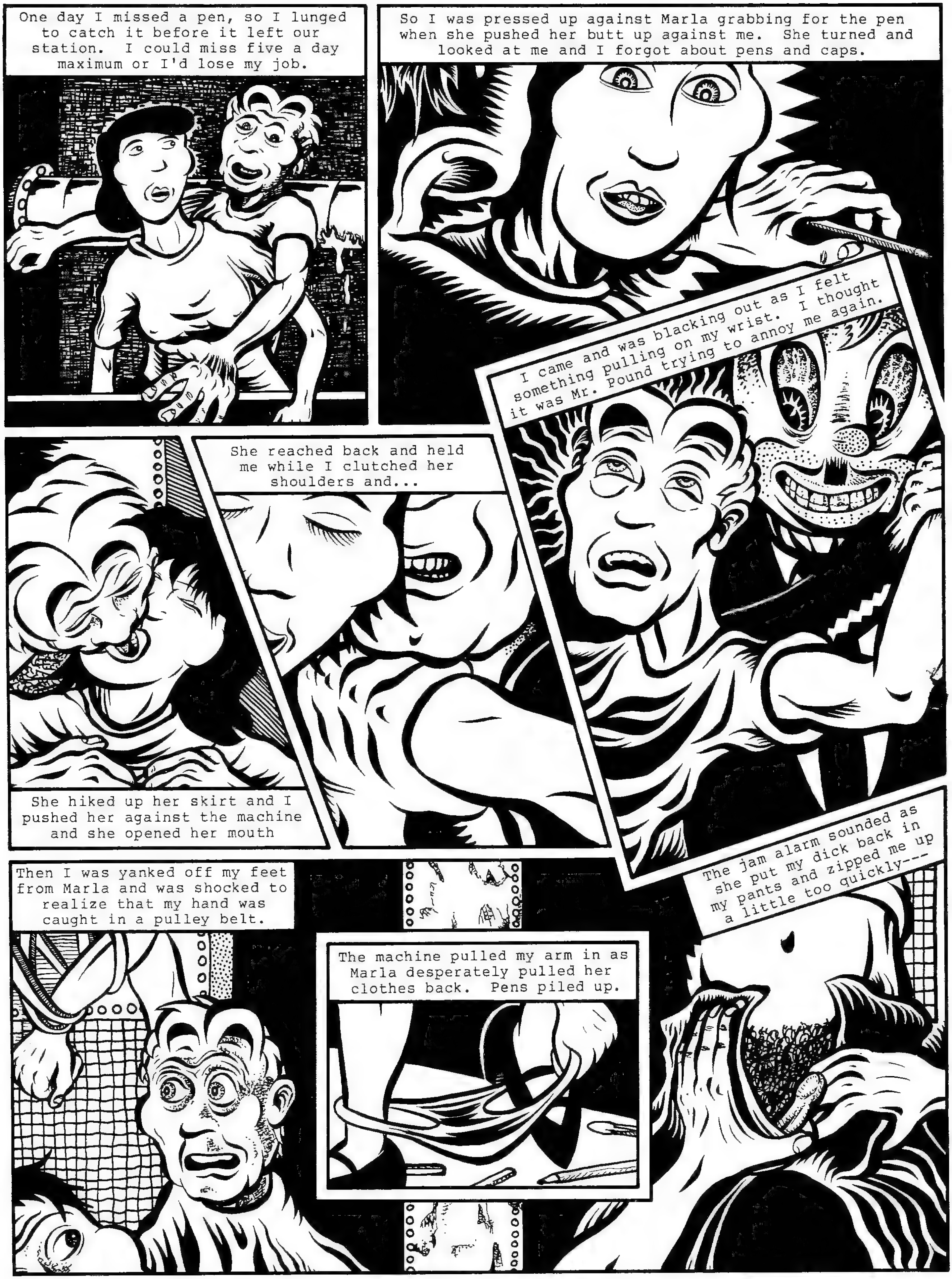
Her Goon boyfriend was waiting for her in the hall. He sneered with disgust at my debauched condition as they walked off together.

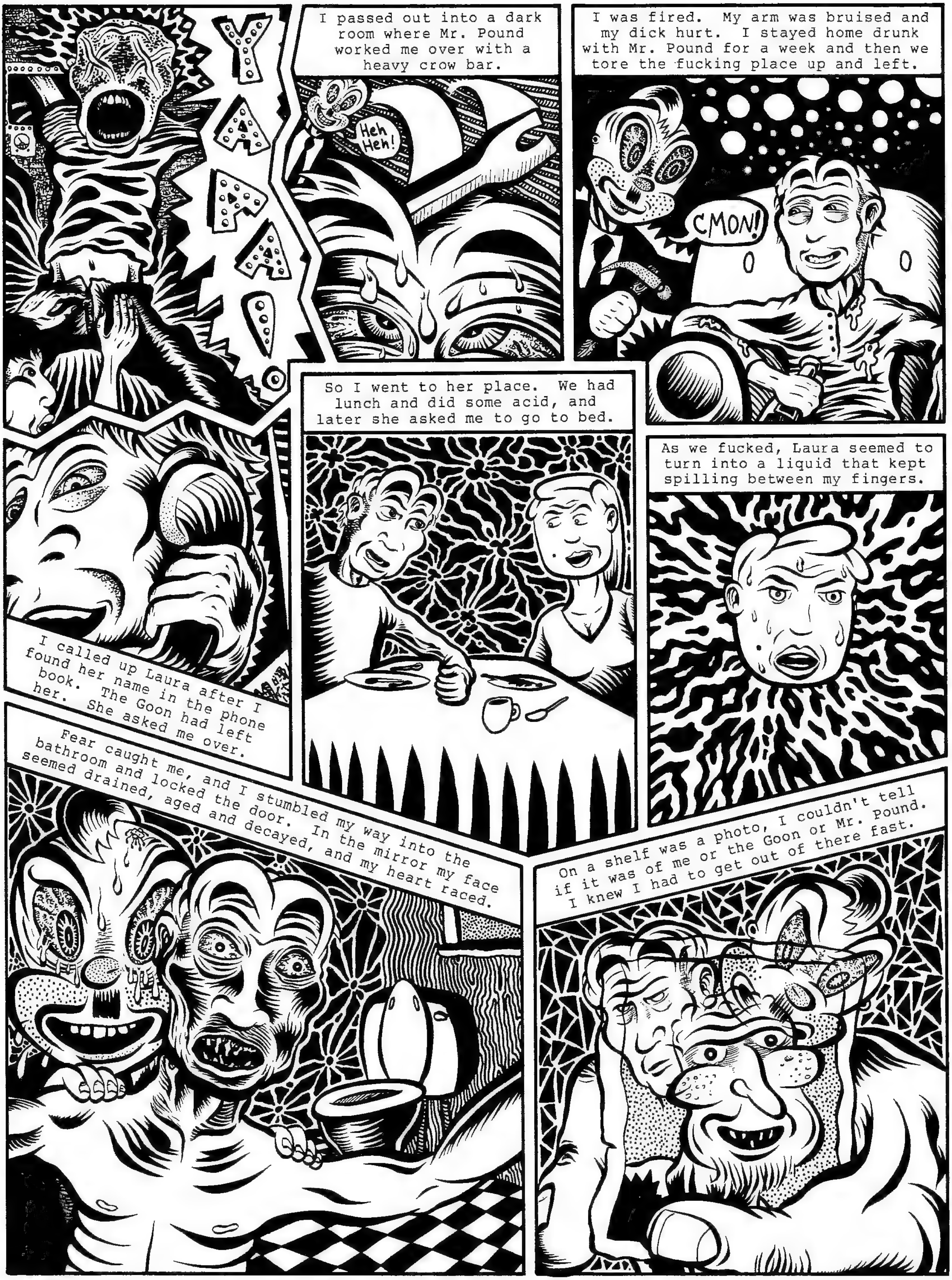


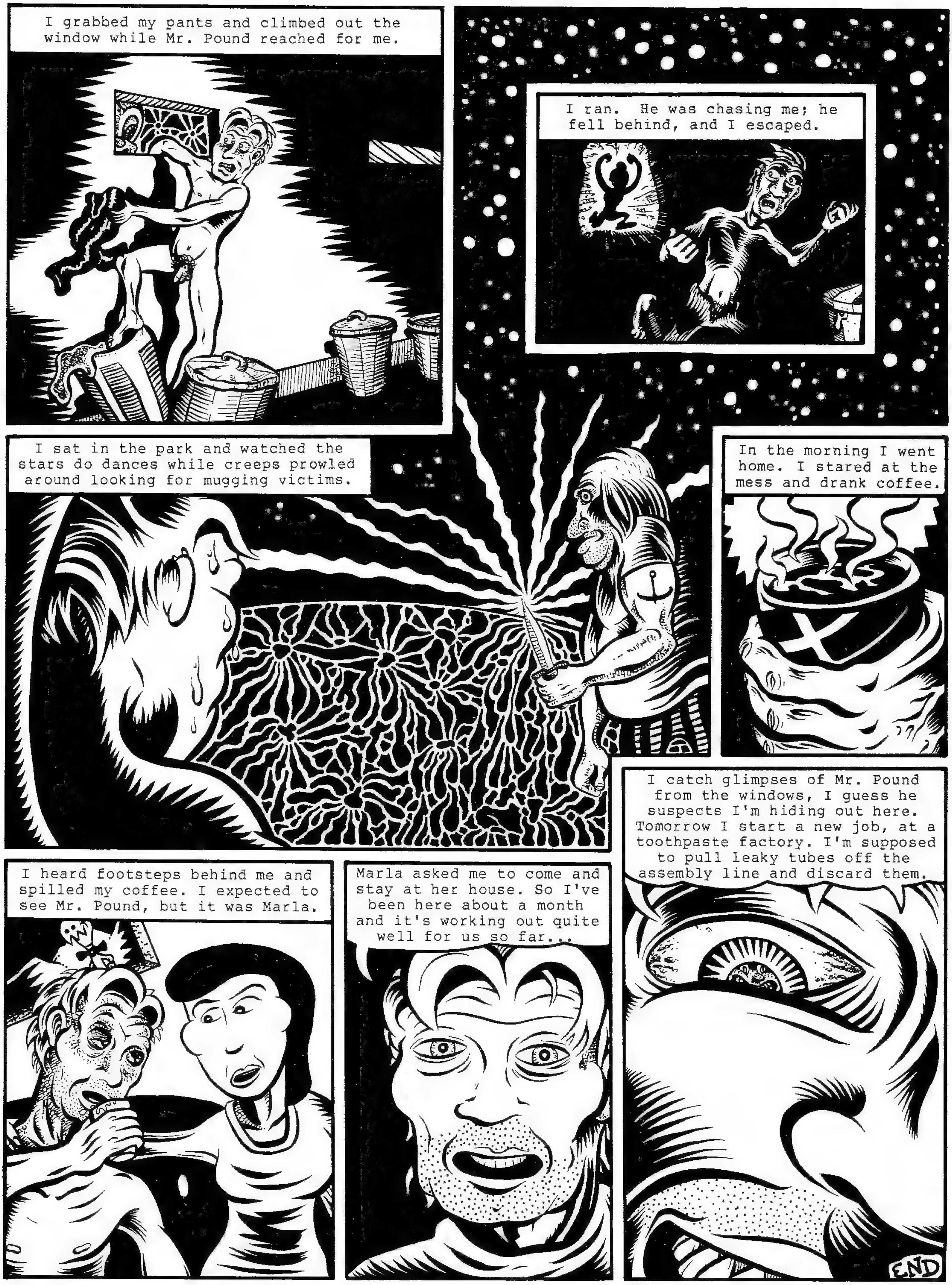
I didn't care. The broken glass worried me more.

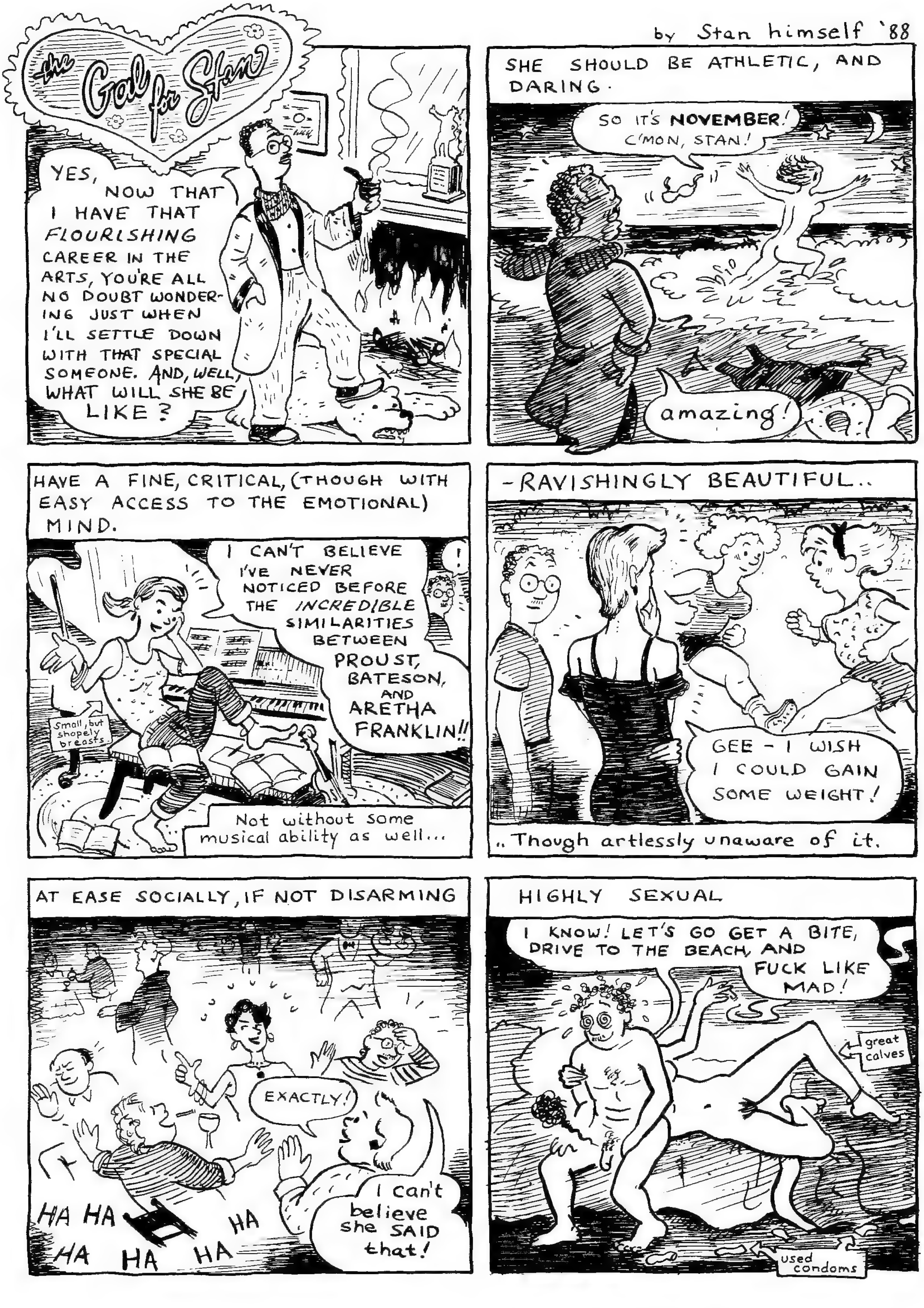


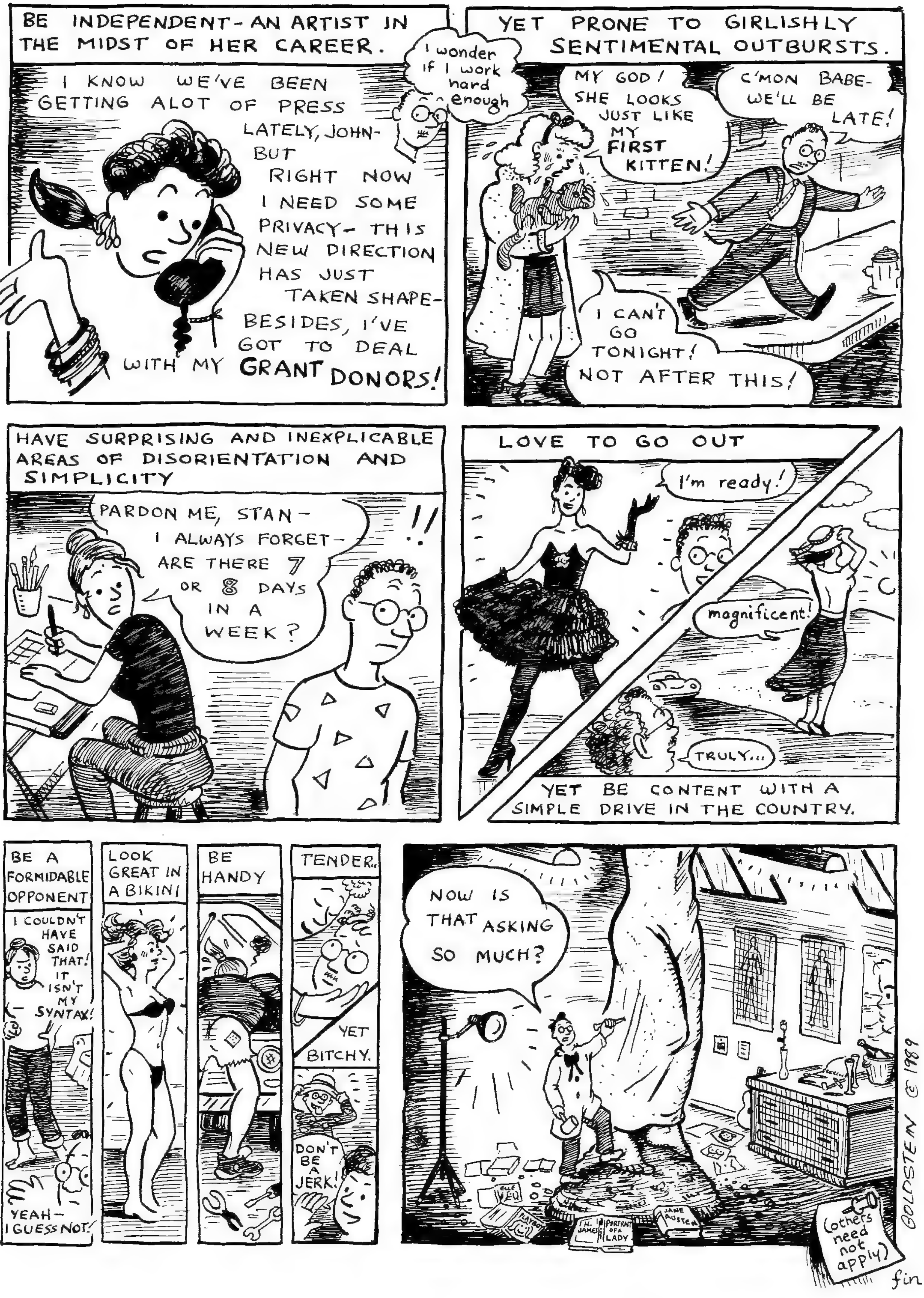

The next week I went and found a job because I was broke. I got hired at the Speedo Ball-Point Pen Factory for the grand sum of minimum wage per hour.
This was my job: A machine put caps on the pens and then spewed them out at me ten at a time.
Sometimes a pen had no cap.
think SAFETY
Sometimes a cap had no pen.
I had to pull out any pens without caps and discard them, period. All day long I grabbed pens brainlessly.
0
And next to me was a gal named Marla, whose job was to pull out the empty caps.
Marla was very quiet but nice. Watching her as she worked became a fixation for me; every gesture she made was burned into my mind.
At work I was a robot. After work I would go straight home and try to write, but I couldn't concentrate. All I could see were endless pens.
BLOTTER


One day I missed a pen, so I lunged to catch it before it left our station. I could miss five a day maximum or I'd lose my job.
So I was pressed up against Marla grabbing for the pen when she pushed her butt up against me. She turned and looked at me and I forgot about pens and caps.
She hiked up her skirt and I pushed her against the machine and she opened her mouth
She reached back and held me while I clutched her shoulders and...
I came and was blacking out as I felt something pulling on my wrist. I thought it was Mr. Pound trying to annoy me again.
Then I was yanked off my feet from Marla and was shocked to realize that my hand was caught in a pulley belt.
The machine pulled my arm in as Marla desperately pulled her clothes back. Pens piled up.
The jam alarm sounded as she put my dick back in my pants and zipped me up a little too quickly---


YAAA!
I passed out into a dark room where Mr. Pound worked me over with a heavy crow bar.
Heh Heh!
I was fired. My arm was bruised and my dick hurt. I stayed home drunk with Mr. Pound for a week and then we tore the fucking place up and left.
C'MON!
I called up Laura after I found her name in the phone book. The Goon had left her. She asked me over.
So I went to her place. We had lunch and did some acid, and later she asked me to go to bed.
As we fucked, Laura seemed to turn into a liquid that kept spilling between my fingers.
Fear caught me, and I stumbled my way into the bathroom and locked the door. In the mirror my face seemed drained, aged and decayed, and my heart raced.
On a shelf was a photo, I couldn't tell if it was of me or the Goon or Mr. Pound. I knew I had to get out of there fast.

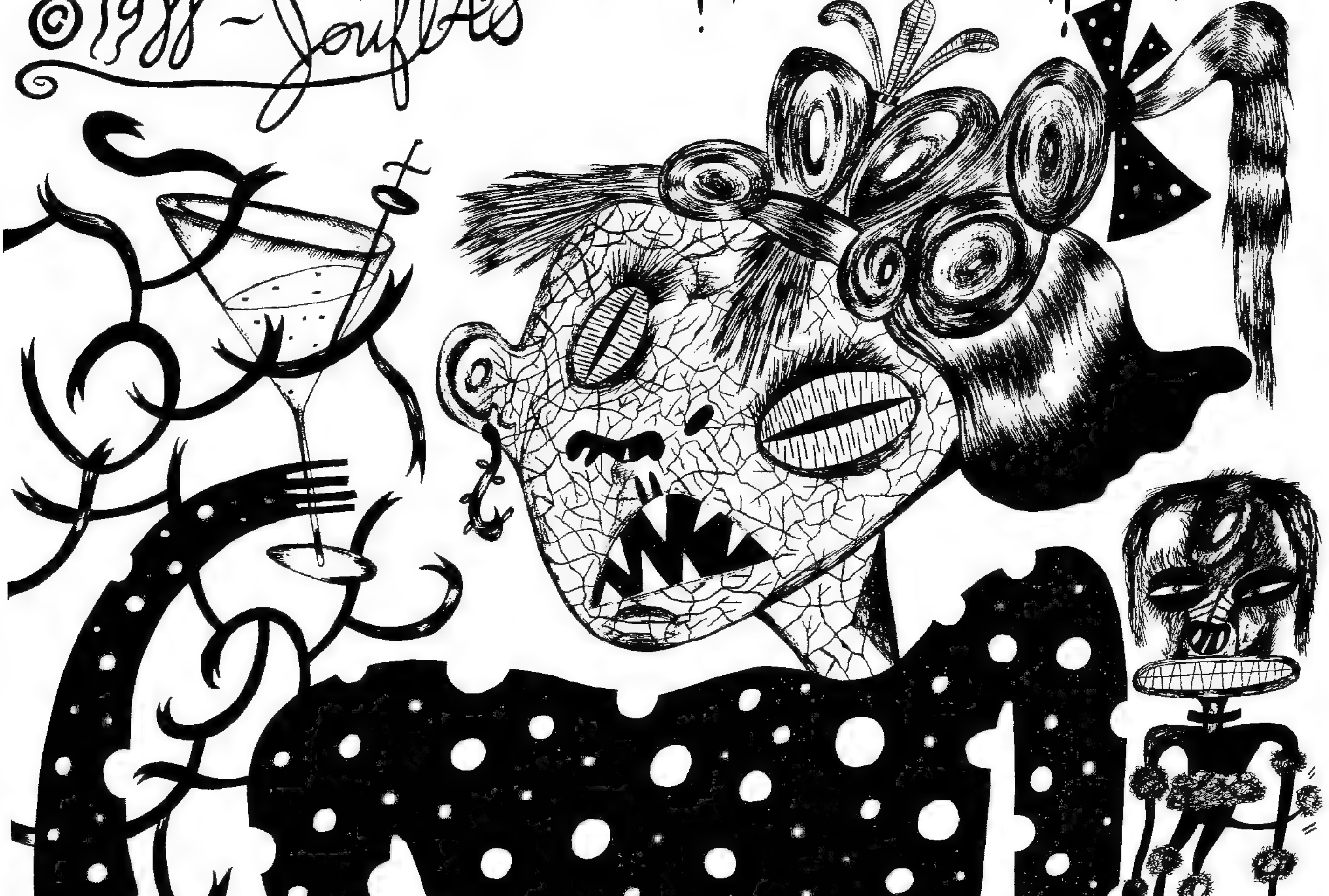

I grabbed my pants and climbed out the window while Mr. Pound reached for me.
I ran. He was chasing me; he fell behind, and I escaped.
I sat in the park and watched the stars do dances while creeps prowled around looking for mugging victims.
In the morning I went home. I stared at the mess and drank coffee.
I heard footsteps behind me and spilled my coffee. I expected to see Mr. Pound, but it was Marla.
Marla asked me to come and stay at her house. So I've been here about a month and it's working out quite well for us so far...
I catch glimpses of Mr. Pound from the windows, I guess he suspects I'm hiding out here. Tomorrow I start a new job, at a toothpaste factory. I'm supposed to pull leaky tubes off the assembly line and discard them.
END


the Gal for Stan
by Stan himself '88
YES, NOW THAT I HAVE THAT *FLOURISHING* CAREER IN THE ARTS, YOU'RE ALL NO DOUBT WONDERING JUST WHEN I'LL SETTLE DOWN WITH THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE. AND, WELL, WHAT WILL SHE BE LIKE?
SHE SHOULD BE ATHLETIC, AND DARING.
SO IT'S **NOVEMBER**! C'MON, STAN!
amazing!
HAVE A FINE, CRITICAL, (THOUGH WITH EASY ACCESS TO THE EMOTIONAL) MIND.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE NEVER NOTICED BEFORE THE *INCREDIBLE* SIMILARITIES BETWEEN PROUST, BATESON, AND ARETHA FRANKLIN!!
!
Small, but shapely breasts.
Not without some musical ability as well...
-RAVISHINGLY BEAUTIFUL..
GEE - I WISH I COULD GAIN SOME WEIGHT!
.. Though artlessly unaware of it.
AT EASE SOCIALLY, IF NOT DISARMING
EXACTLY!
HA HA HA HA HA HA
I can't believe she SAID that!
HIGHLY SEXUAL
I KNOW! LET'S GO GET A BITE, DRIVE TO THE BEACH, AND FUCK LIKE MAD!
great calves
used condoms

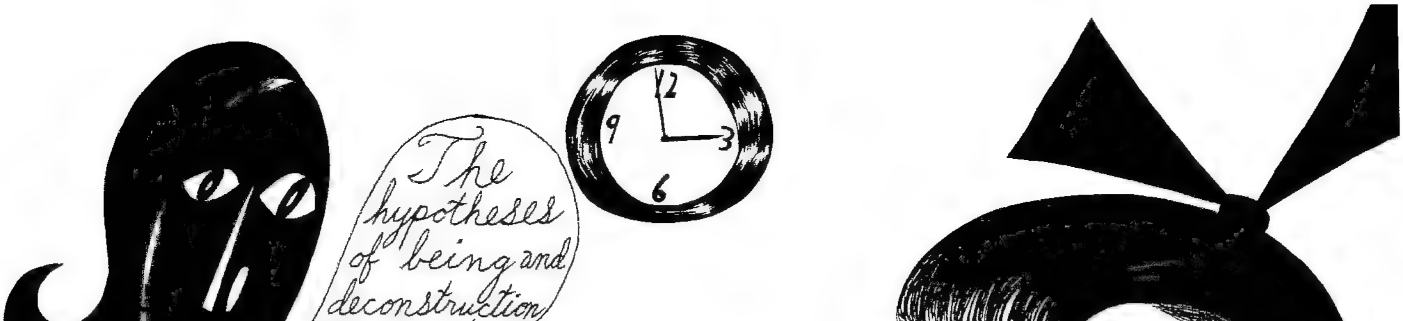

BE INDEPENDENT - AN ARTIST IN THE MIDST OF HER CAREER.
I KNOW WE'VE BEEN GETTING ALOT OF PRESS LATELY, JOHN- BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED SOME PRIVACY- THIS NEW DIRECTION HAS JUST TAKEN SHAPE- BESIDES, I'VE GOT TO DEAL WITH MY GRANT DONORS!
I wonder if I work hard enough
YET PRONE TO GIRLISHLY SENTIMENTAL OUTBURSTS.
MY GOD! SHE LOOKS JUST LIKE MY FIRST KITTEN!
C'MON BABE- WE'LL BE LATE!
I CAN'T GO TONIGHT! NOT AFTER THIS!
HAVE SURPRISING AND INEXPLICABLE AREAS OF DISORIENTATION AND SIMPLICITY
PARDON ME, STAN- I ALWAYS FORGET- ARE THERE 7 OR 8 DAYS IN A WEEK?
!!
LOVE TO GO OUT
I'm ready!
magnificent!
TRULY...
YET BE CONTENT WITH A SIMPLE DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY.
BE A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT
I COULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT! IT ISN'T MY SYNTAX!
YEAH- I GUESS NOT!
LOOK GREAT IN A BIKINI
BE HANDY
TENDER..
YET BITCHY.
DON'T BE A JERK!
NOW IS THAT ASKING SO MUCH?
ELLE
PLAYBOY
H. JAMES
PORTRAIT OF A LADY
JANE AUSTEN
(others need not apply)
GOLDSTEIN © 1989
fin

MONSTER

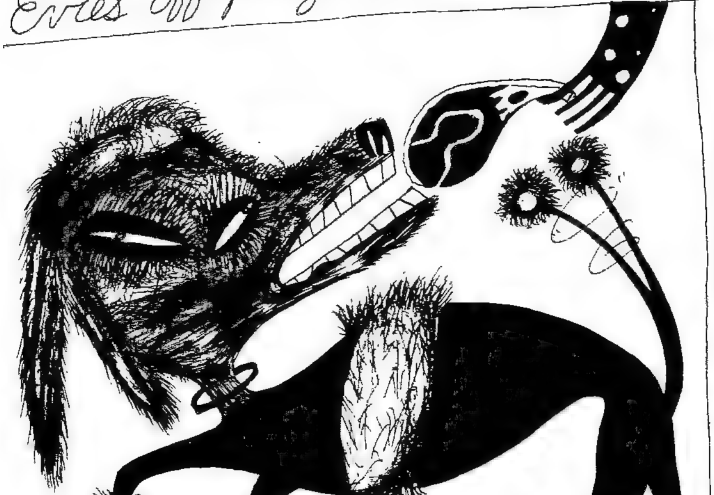
© 1988 - Jouflas



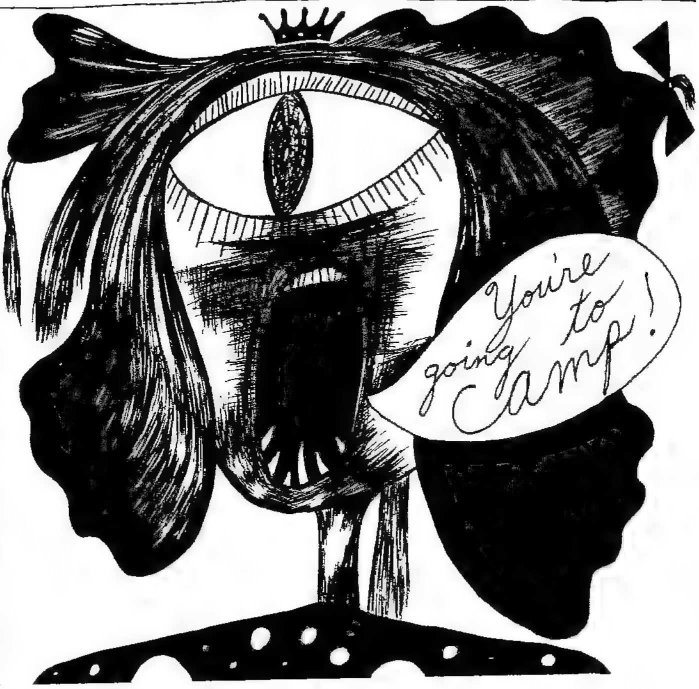
Afternoon crawls. Momentarily Evie Topper diverts her attention from the bon-bon tray resting in her lap and the vodka martini she has been nursing. The clock is about to strike three. Seized by anxiety she quickly washes down a truffle. Queen of the gothic quilt con. High Priestess of the order of misdirected nerves. Snoot-sack of style. Witch Goddess of subversion. Barbie of Pain. The Glory of the Grim.

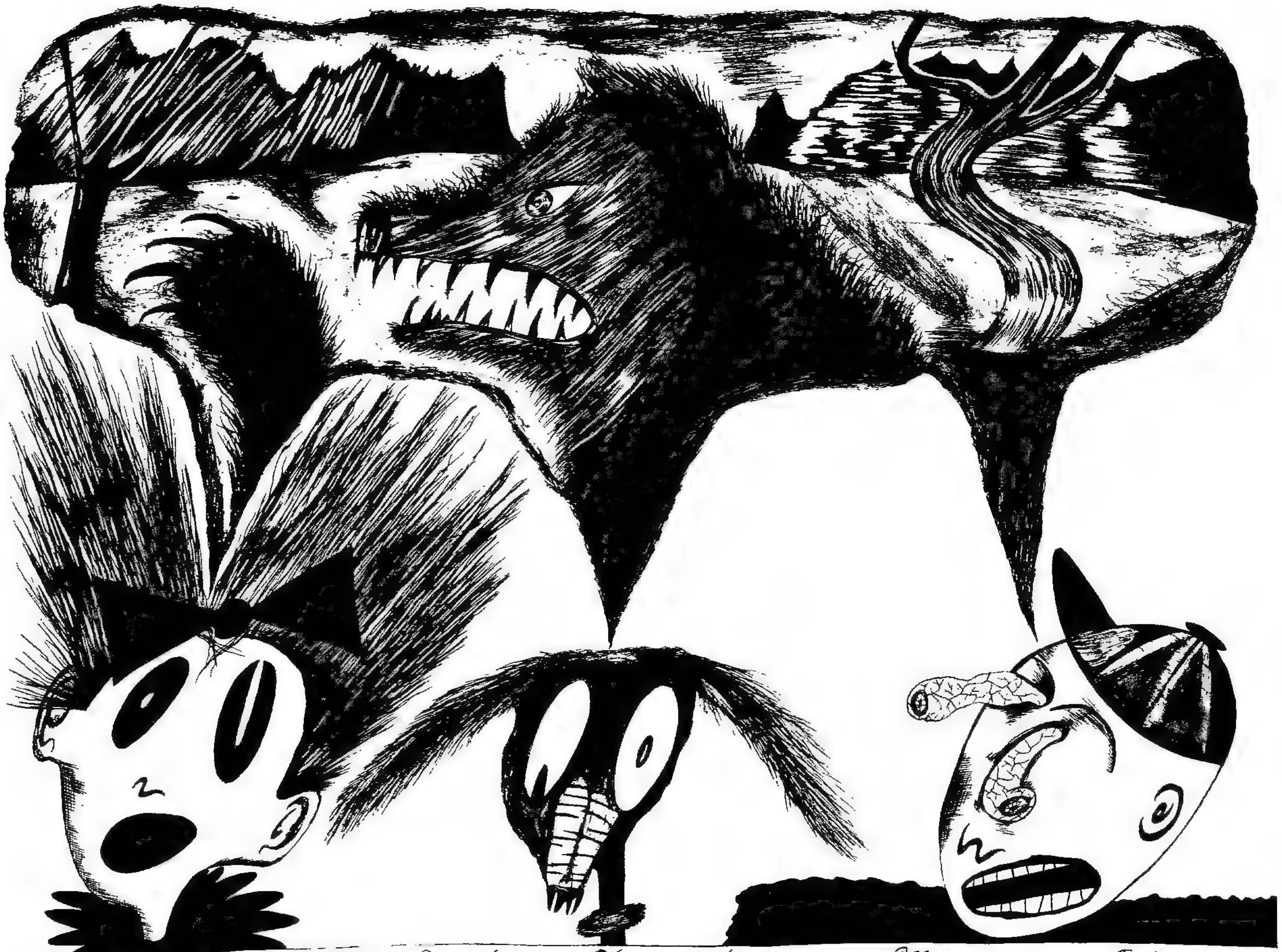

12
9
3
6
The hypotheses of being and deconstruction are... Uh.. Huh!!
Cram it Teach!
Splittin Time?

Meanwhile across town at the most exclusive posh private school, Evies offspring Omar and Monique are through with lessons.

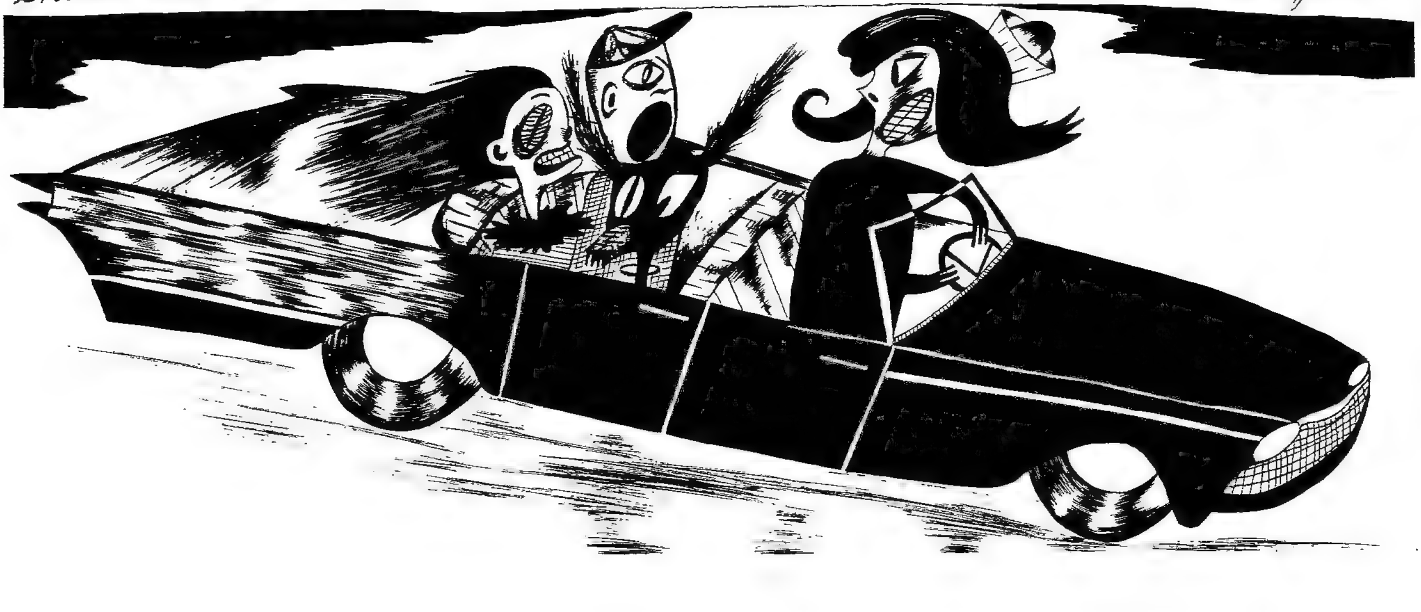


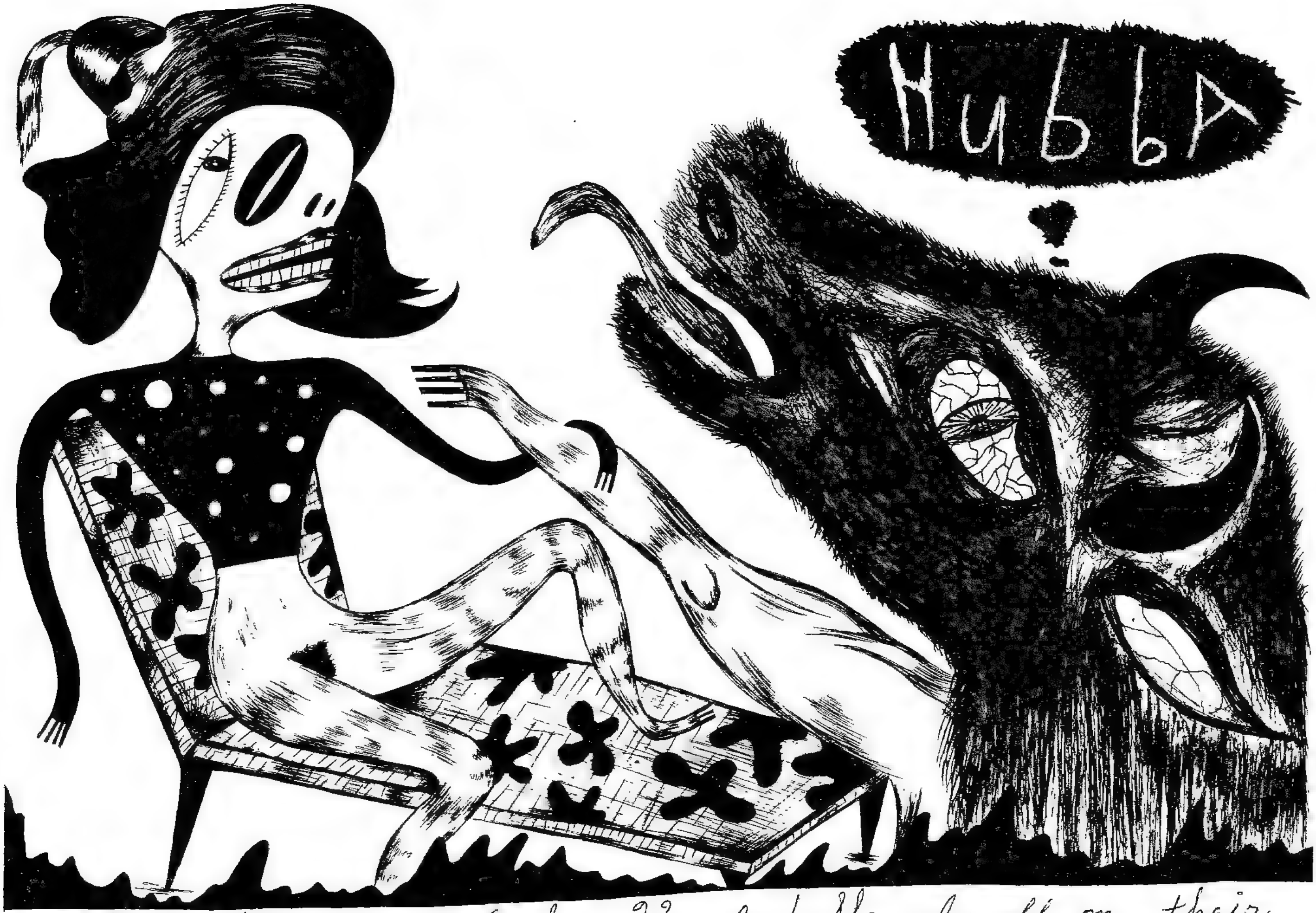
Evie feeds Edward a tasty snack.


You're going to Camp!

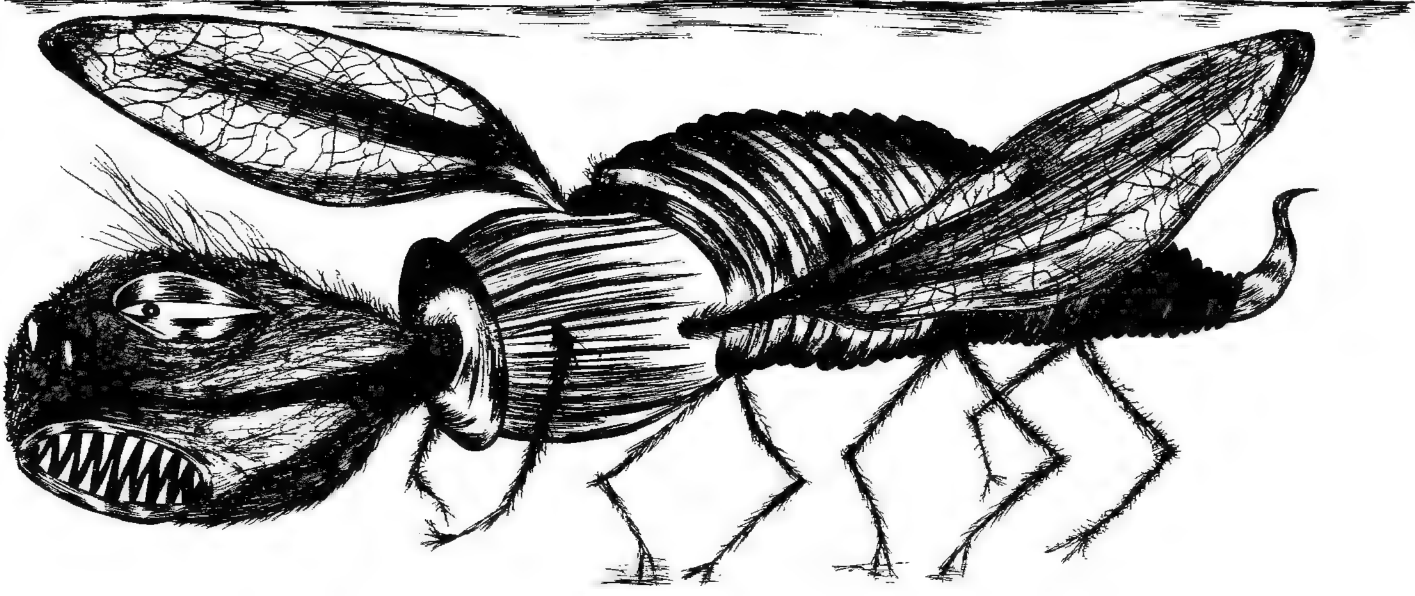


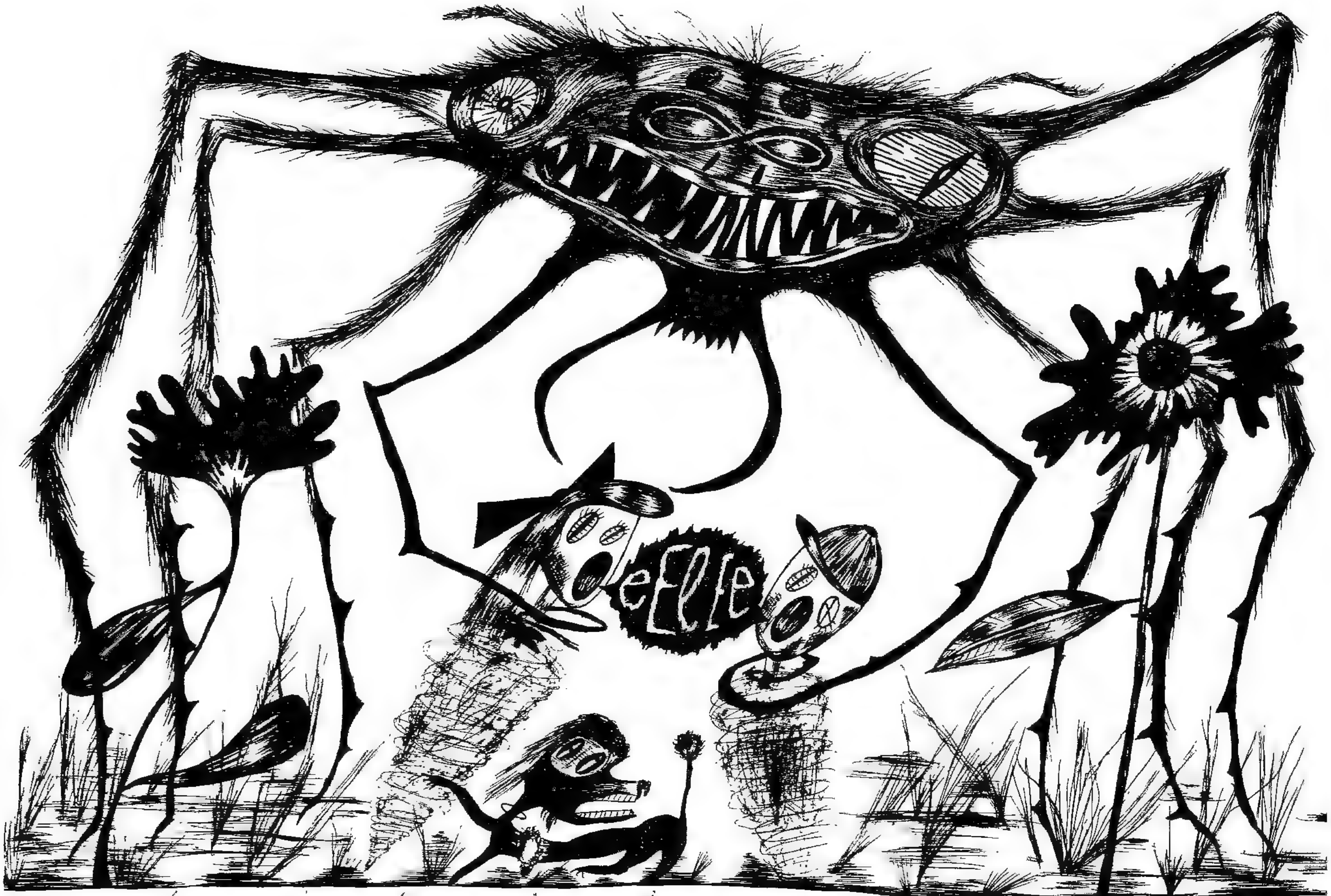
Triple Troubled Freakin Dread! Omar, Monique & Edward share an intense collective nausea regarding Outdoor Life.



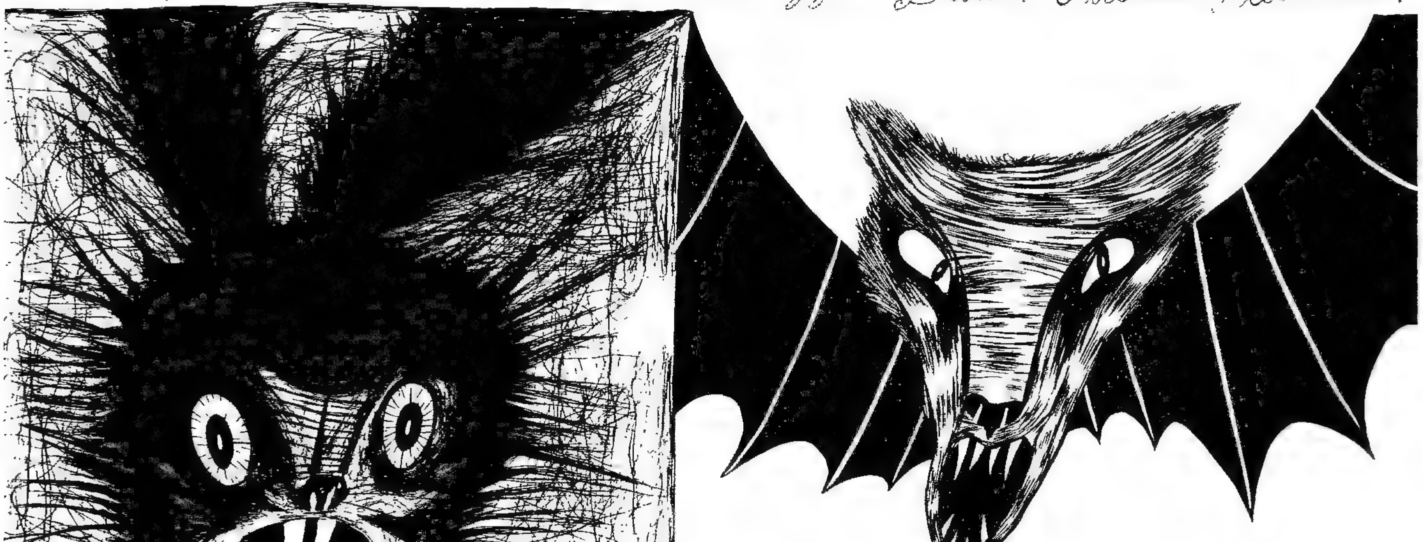


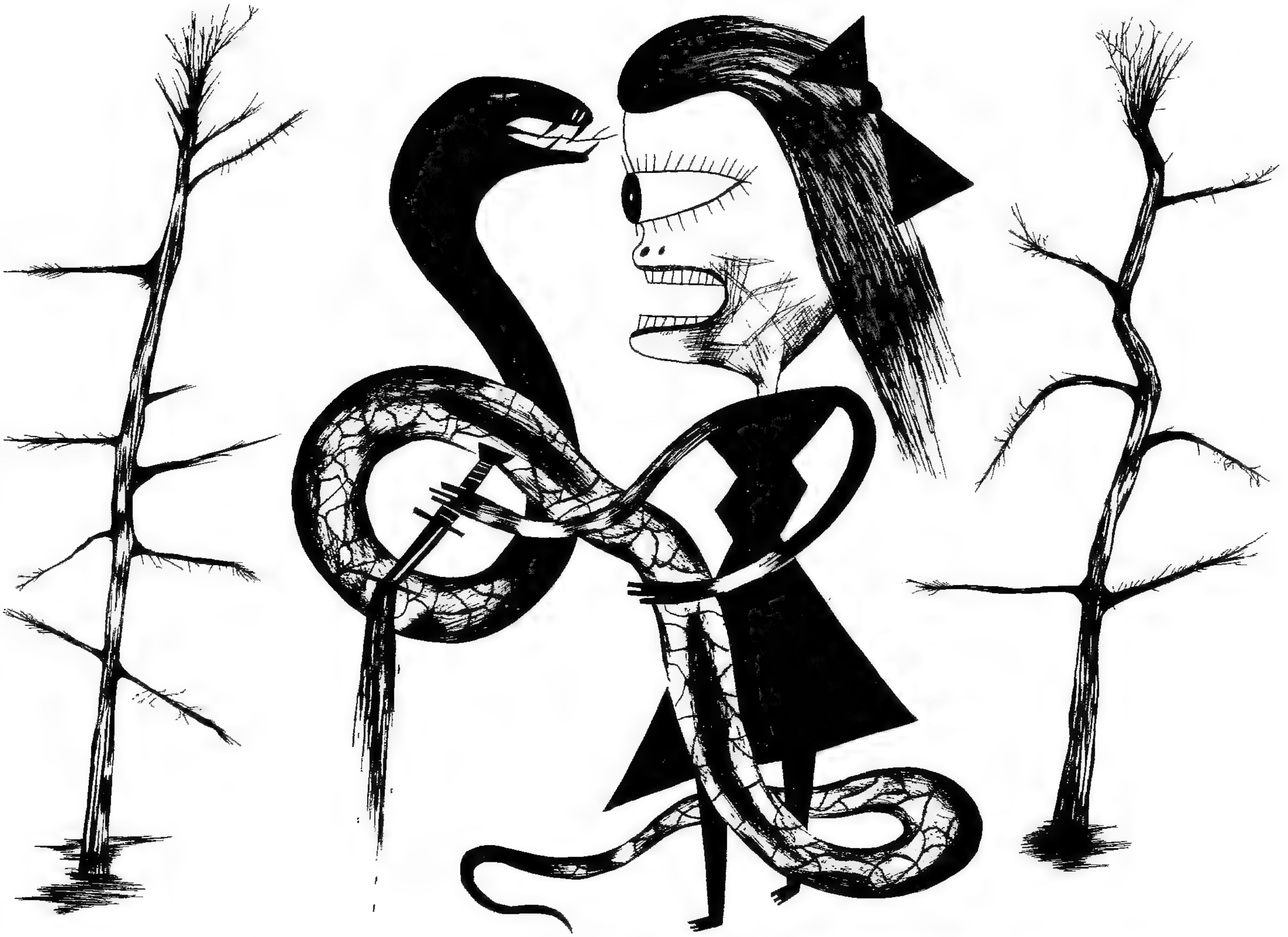
At last theyre out of her Hairdo! Shipped off on their merry way. Evie hightails it to sexy gorgeous Club Med. She can't control it shes got a fly in her pants. Buzzzbzzzzzz.



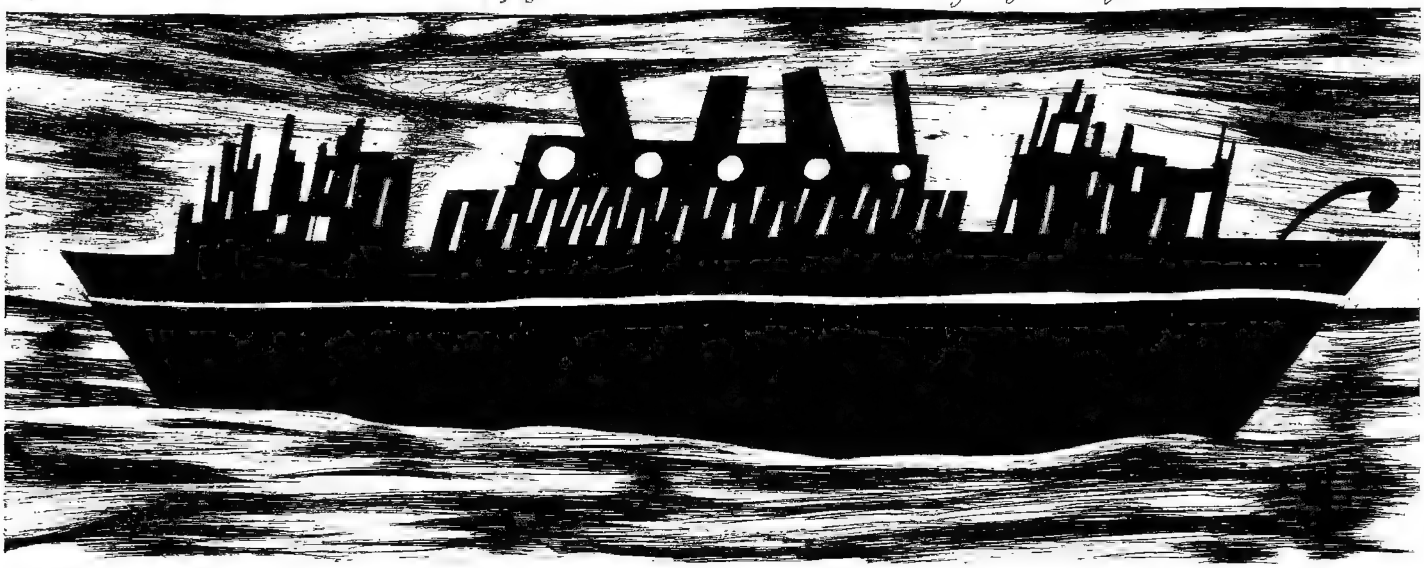


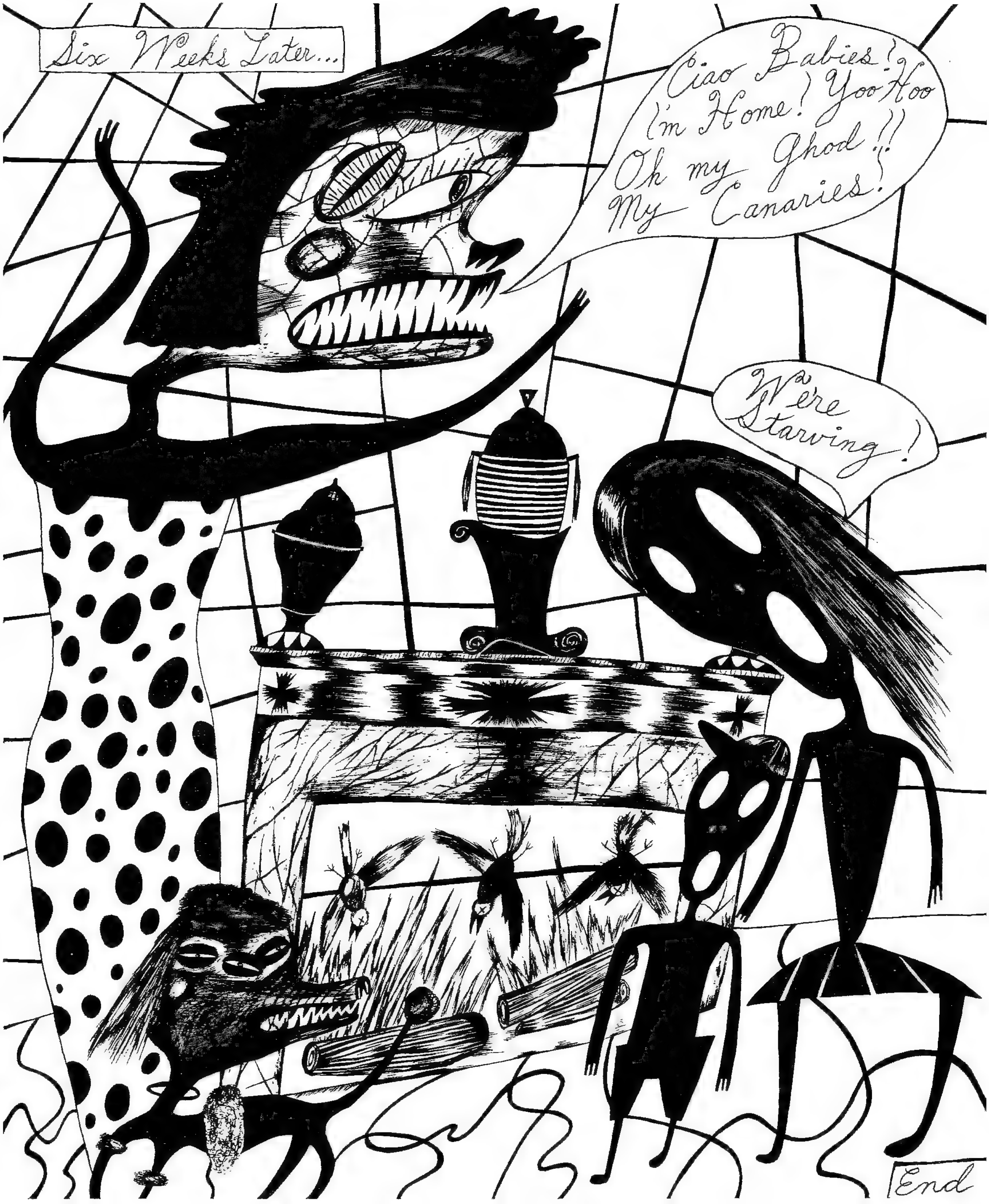
Meanwhile the other three have got more than flies on their ass. Spiders, Rabid Rabbits, Buzzin Bats. Outdoor Pleasures!



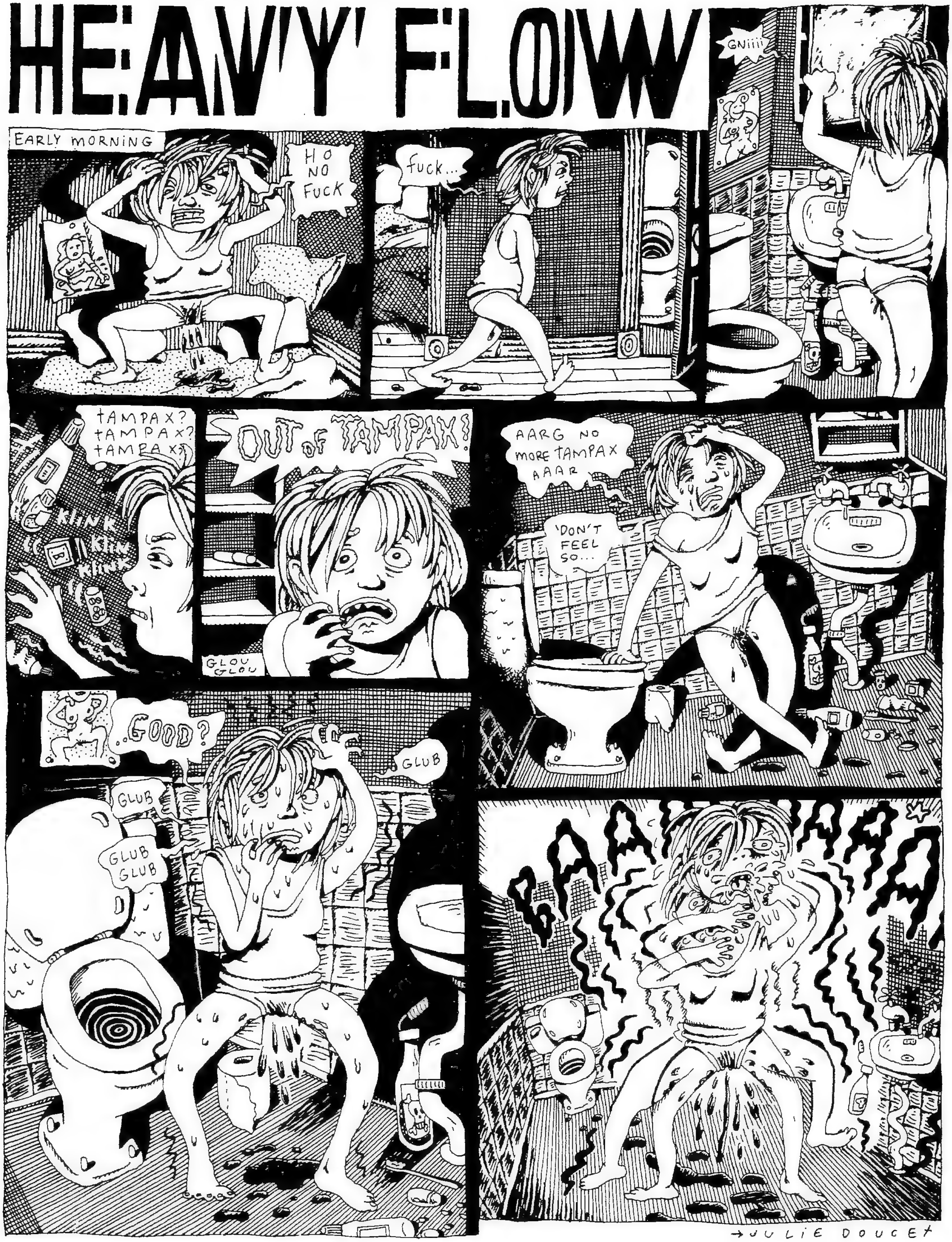


Carcasses! Vicious stupid reptiles! They were in a state of Nature!. Not too happy. Evies on a voyagi of leisure.

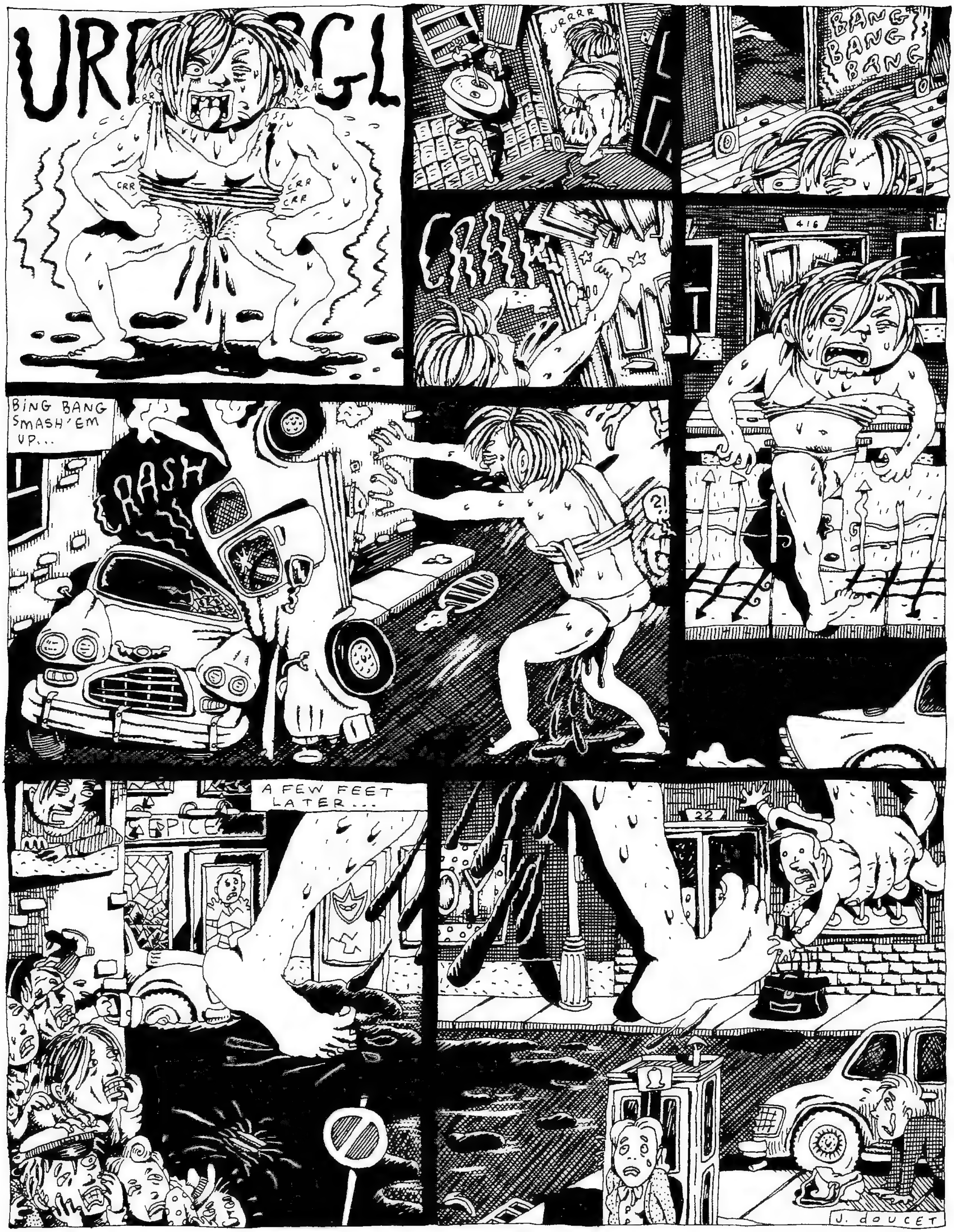


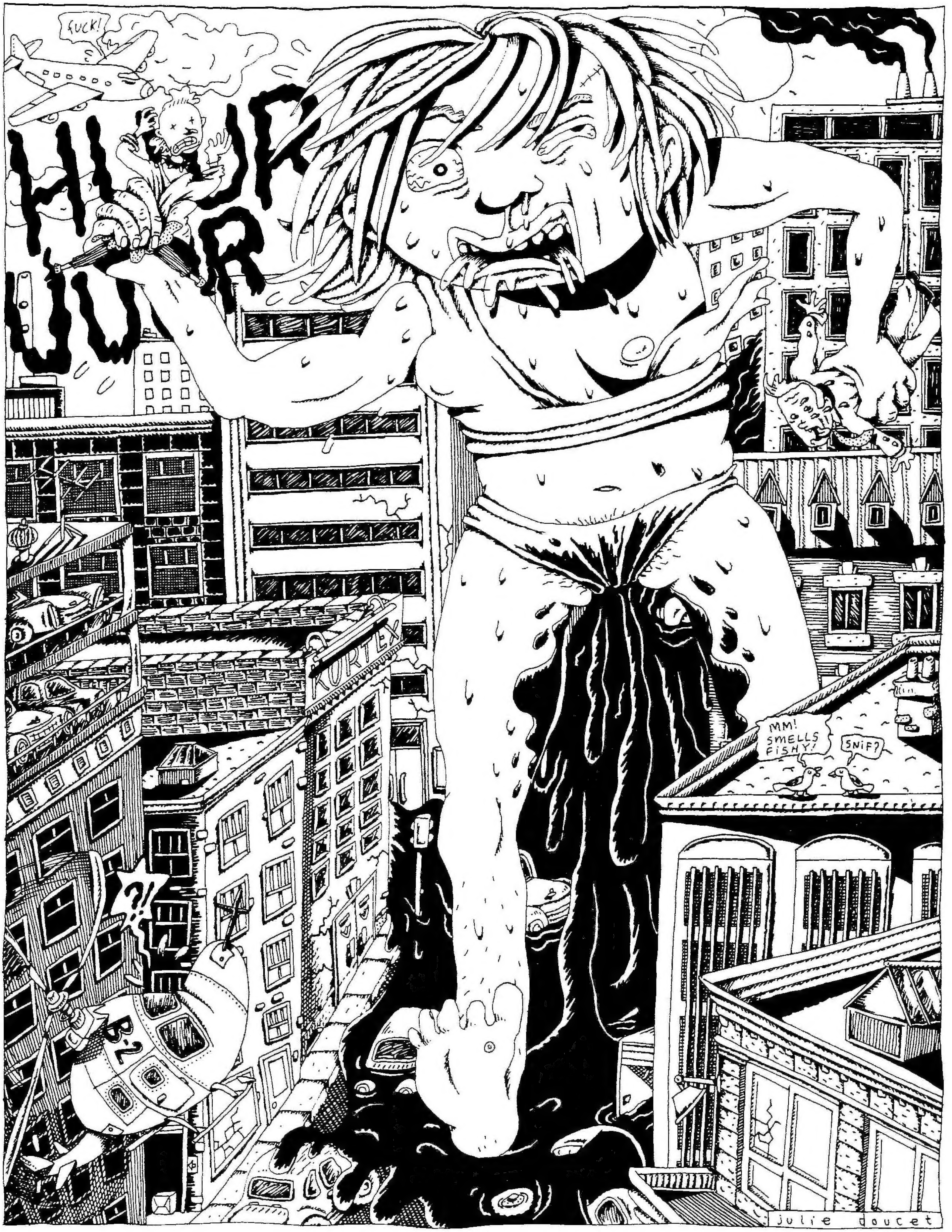

Six Weeks Later...
Ciao Babies! I'm Home! Yoo-Hoo Oh my Ghod!! My Canaries!!
We're Starving!
End

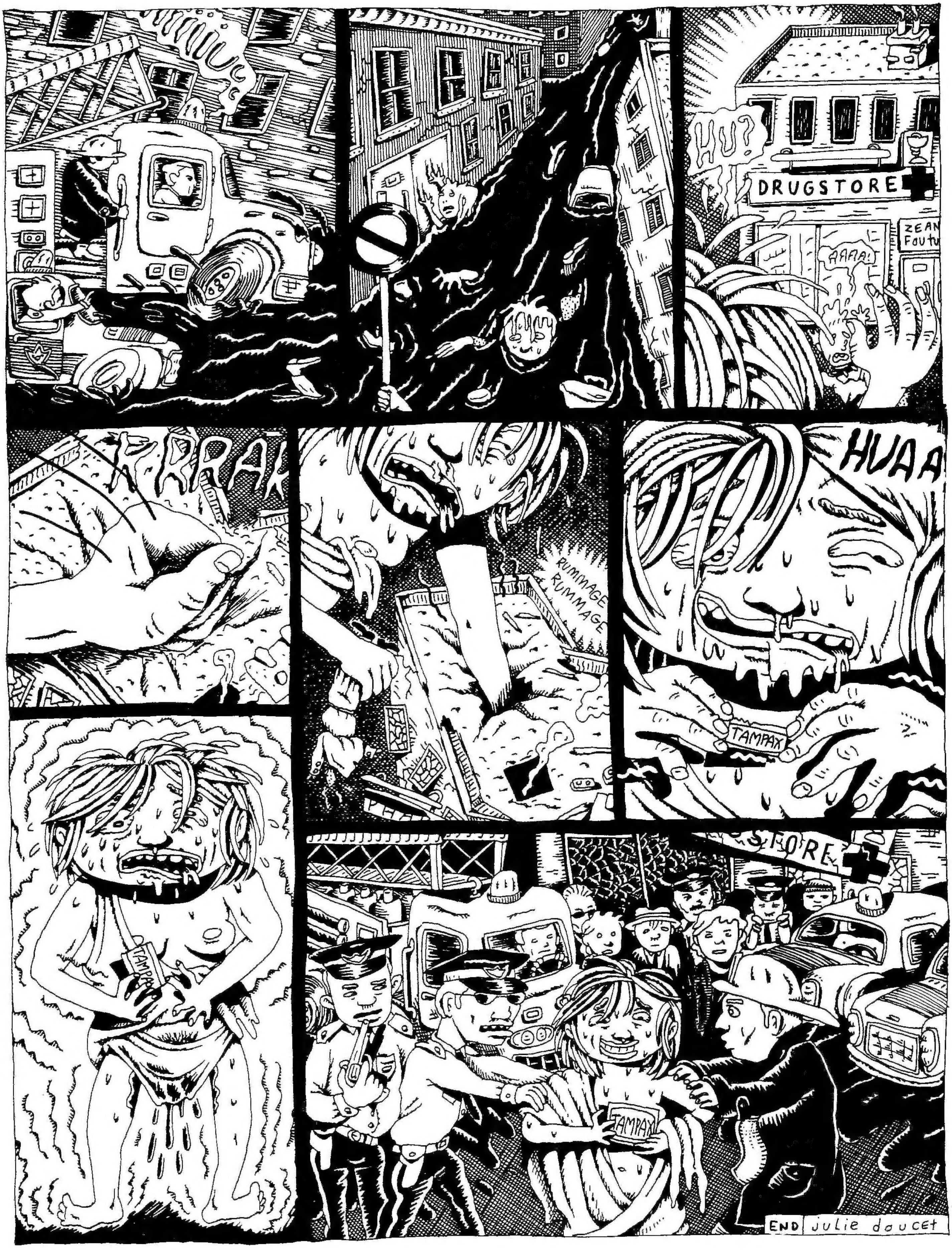
HEAVY FLOW

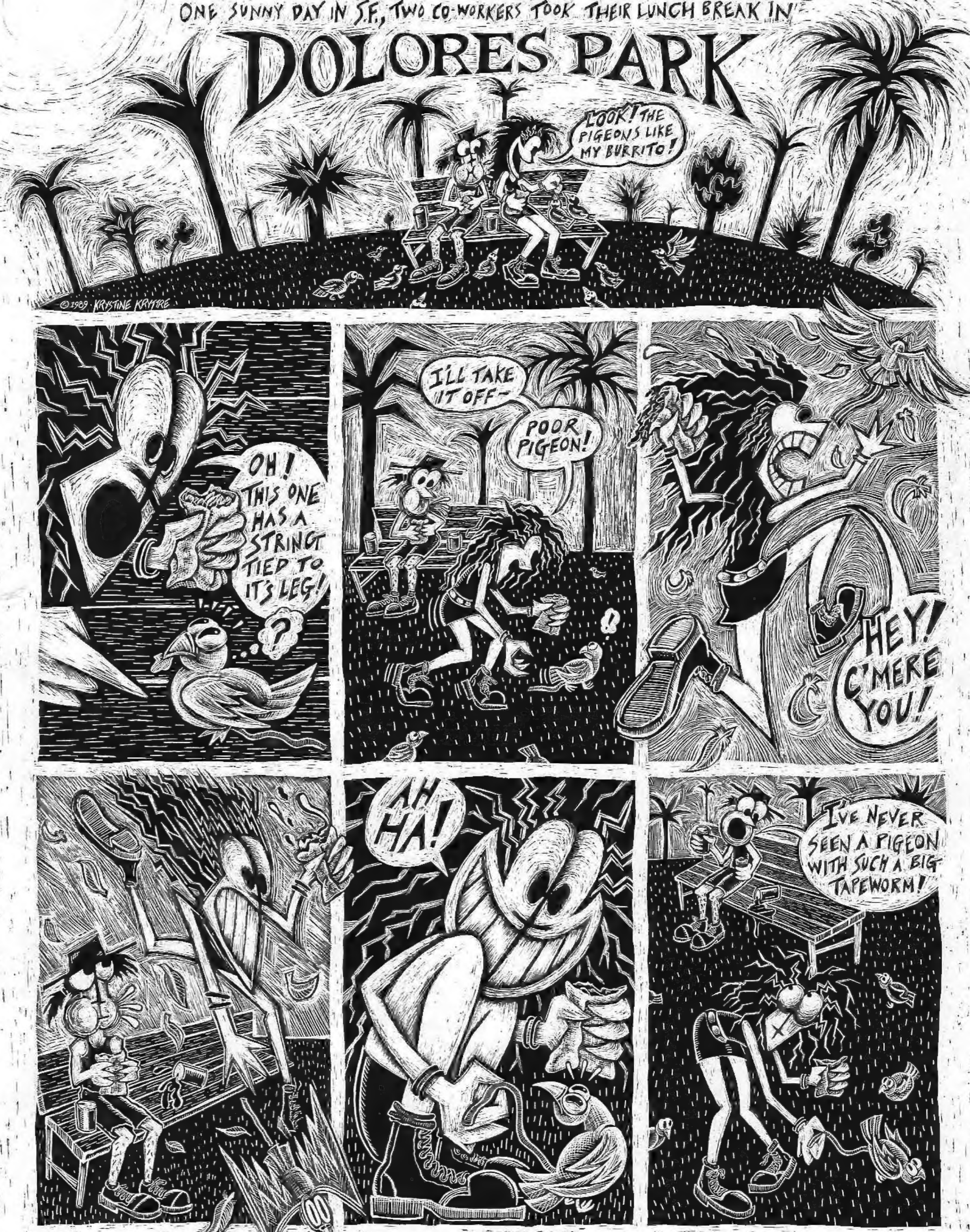

EARLY MORNING
HO NO FUCK
fuck...
GNiii!
TAMPAX? TAMPAX? TAMPAX?
KLINK
KLINK
KLINK
OUT of TAMPAX!
GLOU GLOU
AARG NO MORE TAMPAX AAAR
'DON'T FEEL SO...
..GOOD?
GLUB
GLUB
GLUB GLUB
BAAAAAAAA

JULIE DOUCET

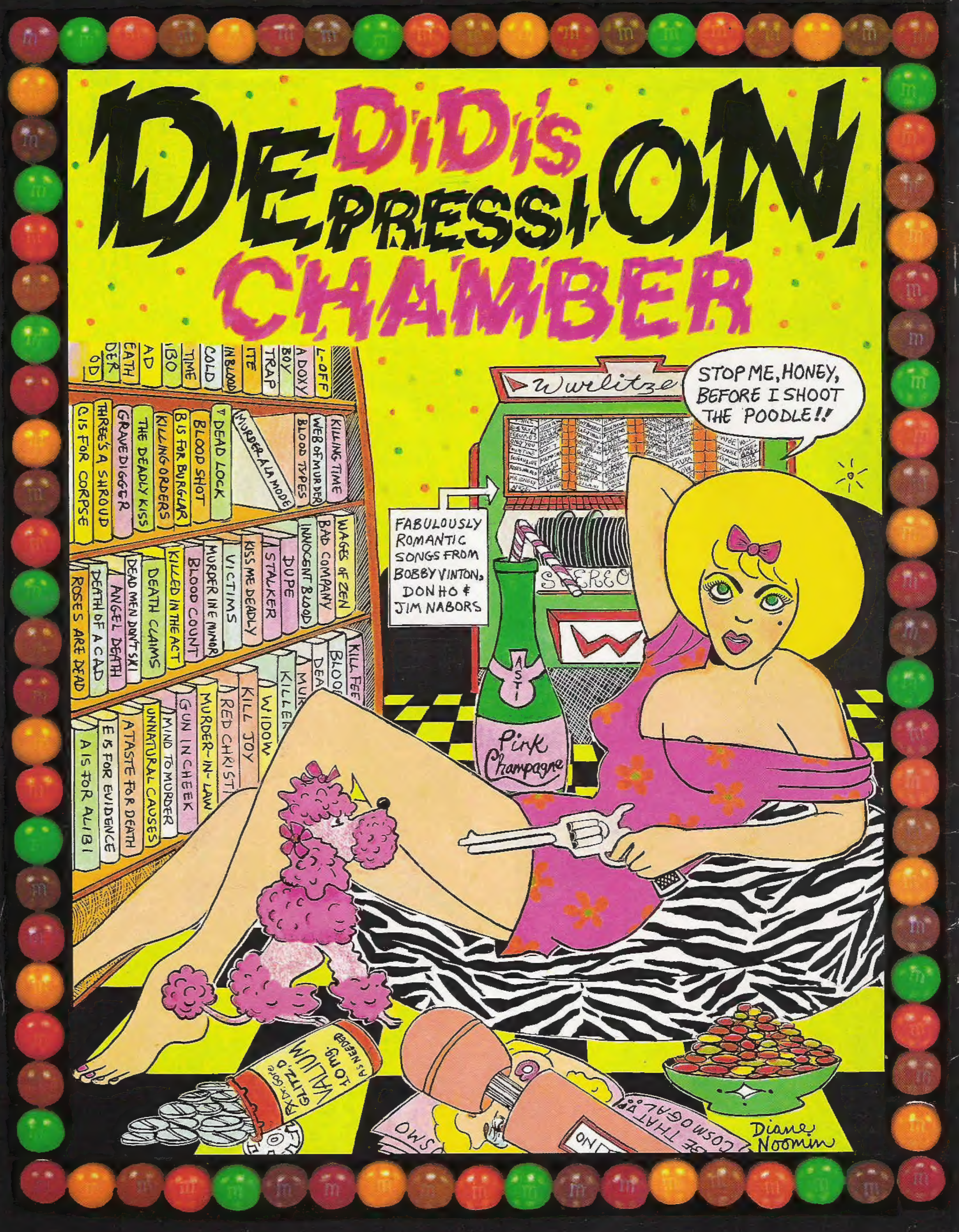

URR RGL
CRR
CRAC
CRR
CRR
CRR
URRRR
BANG BANG BANG
CRR
416
BING BANG SMASH 'EM UP...
CRASH
21
A FEW FEET LATER...
SPICE
22
J. DOUCET


FUCK!
HUR
UUR
KORTEX
?!
B-2
MM! SMELLS FISHY!
SNIF?
julie doucet


UUUUUUcc
HU?
DRUGSTORE
ZEAN
Foutu
AAAA!
KRRAK
RUMMAGE
RUMMAGE
HVAA
TAMPAX
TAMPAX
STORE
TAMPAX
END julie doucet


ONE SUNNY DAY IN S.F., TWO CO-WORKERS TOOK THEIR LUNCH BREAK IN
DOLORES PARK
LOOK! THE PIGEONS LIKE MY BURRITO!
© 1989 · KRYSTINE KRYTTRE
OH! THIS ONE HAS A STRING TIED TO IT'S LEG!
?
I'LL TAKE IT OFF~
POOR PIGEON!
!
HEY! C'MERE YOU!
AH HA!
I'VE NEVER SEEN A PIGEON WITH SUCH A BIG TAPEWORM!

SCANNED 9/08
BY BONES666


DiDi's
DEPRESSION
CHAMBER
OD
DER
EATH
AD
IBO
TIME
COLD
IN BLOOD
ITE
TRAP
BOY
A DOXY
L-OFF
C IS FOR CORPSE
THREE'S A SHROUD
GRAVEDIGGER
THE DEADLY KISS
KILLING ORDERS
B IS FOR BURGLAR
BLOOD SHOT
7 DEAD LOCK
MURDER A LA MODE
BLOOD TYPES
WEB OF MURDER
KILLING TIME
ROSES ARE DEAD
DEATH OF A CAD
ANGEL DEATH
DEAD MEN DON'T SKI
DEATH CLAIMS
KILLED IN THE ACT
BLOOD COUNT
MURDER IN E MINOR
VICTIMS
KISS ME DEADLY
STALKER
DUPE
INNOCENT BLOOD
BAD COMPANY
WAGES OF ZEN
A IS FOR ALIBI
E IS FOR EVIDENCE
A TASTE FOR DEATH
UNNATURAL CAUSES
MIND TO MURDER
GUN IN CHEEK
MURDER-IN-LAW
RED CHRIST
KILL JOY
WIDOW
KILLER
A MUR
DEA
BLOOD
KILL FEE
Wurlitze
STOP ME, HONEY, BEFORE I SHOOT THE POODLE!!
FABULOUSLY ROMANTIC SONGS FROM BOBBY VINTON, DON HO & JIM NABORS
STEREO
ASTI
Pink Champagne
Rx Glitz VALIUM 10 mg AS NEEDED
COSMO
ON
THAT
COSMO GAL.
Diane Noomin